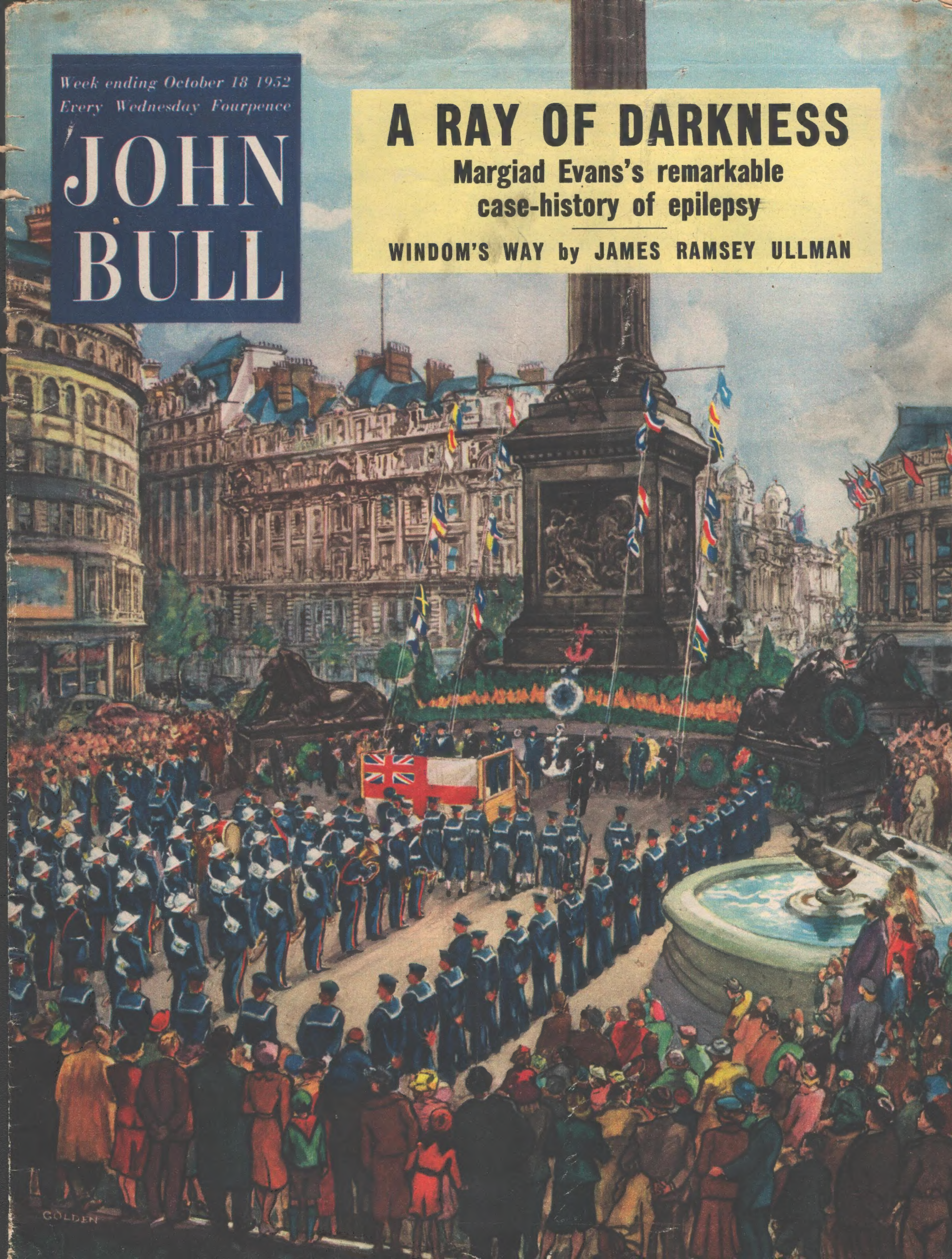
Week ending October 18 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

A RAY OF DARKNESS

Margiad Evans's remarkable case-history of epilepsy

WINDOM'S WAY by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN



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There's something irresistible about an SR smile! So gay, so sparkling. And SR gives you that extra sparkle safely—without scratching the protective enamel.

The grizzly's natural foods are tough and hard—foods that need real *chewing*. That, in a nutshell, is why grizzlies don't get toothache.

All our foods are *soft*. So soft, they let the gums get weak and liable to infections. And more teeth are lost through gum infections than through decay—that is an established dental fact.

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Just keeping your teeth white is not enough. Gum infections can attack the whitest teeth. You must *also* do something to protect your gums against these infections.

Gibbs SR *does* this double job for you. SR keeps your teeth white—really white and sparkling. *And* it toughens up your gums to fight infections. For it contains Sodium Ricinoleate (SR), the actual substance dentists use to treat infected gums.

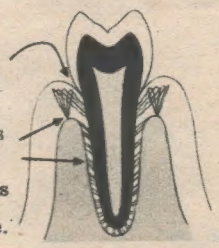
Brush with SR, and you are making your gums *tough*—the way the grizzly makes his by constant chewing of hard tough foods.

Don't let gum troubles spoil *your* smile! See your dentist twice a year and brush teeth and gums with SR twice a day.

GUM TROUBLES
—the facts

The cause. The soft foods we eat. Soft foods mean soft gums.

What happens. The merest scratch on soft gums can allow infection to start from the bacteria ever-present in the mouth.



If your gums are sore and tend to bleed, *tell your dentist at once.*

The answer. Eat plenty of crisp cleansing foods such as apples, celery, salads. And brush teeth and gums twice a day with Gibbs SR to stimulate the gums, make them tougher, firmer.

Sodium Ricinoleate (SR) is used by dentists for clearing up infected gums. SR actually soaks *into* them, fights infections *from within*.

WHITE TEETH NEED HEALTHY GUMS

Gibbs S.R. FOR BOTH

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EDITORIAL

The school cane

A SMALL boy turned on his older brother. "You're only trying to get your way," he declared, "because you're bigger and stronger."

Many years later, these words came back to R. McKinnon Wood, the older boy, when the London County Council's Education Committee published its recent report on *Punishment in Schools*. Mr. Wood is chairman of that committee.

"Punishments that inspire undue fear are the least likely to further the aims of education," the report says.

It condemns sarcasm as "even less defensible than caning" and warns against standing children in a corner and against detention after school. However, its main target is corporal punishment.

DISCIPLINE in Britain's schools is a varied affair. In the case of the L.C.C.'s 1,300 schools it is at the discretion of the headmasters and virtually no two schools are alike. Some have renounced corporal punishment, others reserve the right to use it in exceptional cases and, in others, it is regarded as an ordinary measure.

WOOD
"*Make child apologize*"

What would replace it? Mr. Wood thinks making a child apologize is a good method. "If the school is what it should be," he says, "discipline will look after itself. At any rate, corporal punishment will not be necessary."

The authors of the report suggest it should be read side by side with a survey made by the National Foundation for Educational Research. This shows that nearly nine out of ten teachers want slapping, caning or strapping kept as a last resort punishment.

THE punishments that boys most dislike went in this order: the worst, unfavourable report for home; deprived of games; regarded as a person to be watched closely by the headmaster; cane or strap; sent to headmaster.

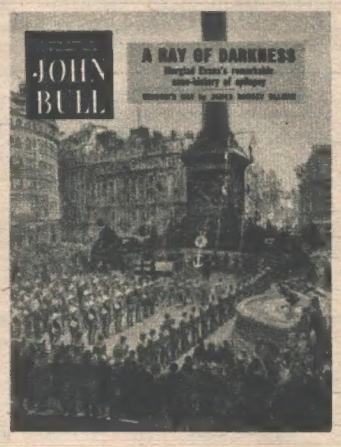
Girls' dislikes were: Unfavourable report for home; cane or strap; regarded as a person to be watched closely by the staff; made to report daily to headmistress; deprived of games.

CORPORAL punishment of delicate and nervous children, strikings on any part of the head and shakings are now regarded as indefensible. Yet in many schools the cane will obviously have to stay—at any rate temporarily.

It should not be given in front of a class; it need not actually be used. It survives as a last resort and must remain until alternative punishments have been agreed.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

GRACE GOLDEN'S painting is a reconstruction of the Trafalgar Day ceremony which has been held by the Navy League since 1896. On the dais a Sea Cadet reads the prayer which Nelson wrote in his cabin in *Victory* on the eve of the battle on October 21, 1805. From Nelson's Column, naval signal flags similar to those used at the Battle of Trafalgar spell out the vice-admiral's famous message: ***England expects that every man will do his duty.***



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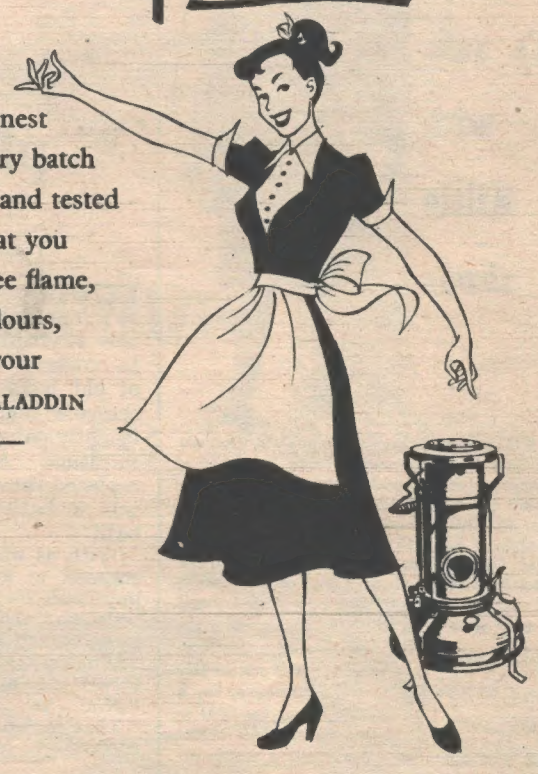

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"Could do better". "Does not seem keen". Behind these disappointing school reports may lie—fatigue! Junior can go off to school full of pep and yet be tired halfway through the morning. Lack of Vitamin C in the diet is a common cause of fatigue. Give the children RIBENA—delicious pure blackcurrant juice with cane sugar, fruit sugar *and* glucose—at least twice a day. It will provide their essential Vitamin C, bring them vigour and guard their health, skin and teeth. Start them on daily Ribena straight away! 3/3d. from Chemists. Stores and Grocers.

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Ribena fights fatigue!
BLACKCURRANT JUICE

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BUY NOW AND KNOW YOUR CHILD IS SAFE-SHOD FOR WINTER

Here's a diagram of the toe-the-line safe X-ray device. You can see how it is impossible to buy a shoe that is too tight or too loose. This device guarantees a perfect fit.

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THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

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STANDARD SIZE 1/6 per bottle

Free Speech

They didn't plan for this

WE were being shown over the homes built for miners in the new town of Peterlee, Co. Durham. In contrast with the gloomy rows of old houses in the mining areas, the new homes had large windows, brightly painted interiors and modern furniture. An easy-to-run kitchen replaced the dark scullery, and there was a bathroom instead of a tin bath.

With us was a girl of about twenty, engaged to a miner. She seemed unimpressed by the children's playroom-bedroom, the electric stove and the range which heated the whole house. "Wouldn't you like to live in one of these?" I asked her. She shrugged. "Not so much," she replied. "They're not much like home, are they?"—J. M. D., Durham.

An Honest Man

WHEN my wireless set went wrong I asked a local dealer to repair it. He brought it back in perfect condition, and the bill read: "To attention to radio. Dismantling, checking valves and components. No fault found. Receiver began to work of its own accord. Set left on test for ten days. No further trouble developed. Labour—8s. 6d."—L. B. NEWELL, 66 Woodlands Park Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.

Angry Artists

LESLEY Lloyd asks ("Free Speech," September 27) if there is a reason for extremes of feeling resulting in the best work. In normal people, frustration usually results in both a feeling of anger and an impulse to remove the source of frustration. Taking vigorous action satisfies this impulse to "do something," and so relieves the angry tension. An artist may give his best work when sad or angry, because the great flow of mental energy so generated may find an outlet in artistic creation. — GORDON TRASLER, University College of the South West, Exeter.

They Find No Peace

MY sleep is being broken by the asthmatic wheezing and groaning of trains painfully creaking past my bedroom window. As winter approaches the noise becomes worse. I thought "sick" engines went to "hospital." Are British Railways using, at night, locomotives dragged from well-earned retirement which protest against such treatment with every yard they advance?—D. G., Warrington.

Saga Of The Pasty

THE pastry casing of a Cornish pasty ("Free Speech," September 20) is as important as the filling, for the pasty is essentially a portable meal, usually eaten without table or cutlery, and must travel well but be digestible. This rules out short or tender crust containing baking powder. As to the filling, this can be any mortal thing so long as it is edible and agreeable to the consumer. It is said that the Devil never ventures into Cornwall, for fear of being cut up and baked in a pasty. Occasionally, too, the filling may be inedible, as in the case of the wife-beater who could not find his leather belt one morning, but discovered it at dinner time in his pasty, thus shaming him before his mates.—"COUSIN JACK," Plympton, Plymouth.

Jewish Funerals

THE Evans family in "Family Reunion" (JOHN BULL, September 20) could not have lived above the premises of a Jewish undertaker, as stated by author Mazo de la Roche. There are no privately owned undertaking firms in the Jewish community. Most Jewish families are members of their local synagogue, to which they pay contributions. These entitle the member, his wife, and their children under fourteen, to free funerals and burials by the Federation of Synagogues or the United Synagogues, which own the cemeteries. Jews who are not members of a synagogue have to pay a sum, according to their means, to these societies in the event of death of one of the family. Coffins and conveyances are supplied by the societies and not privately.—MRS. LILLIAN SHAYER, 70 Barrington Court, London, N.10.

Baby Talk

AS soon as my baby is old enough to talk properly I am firmly resolved to teach him his name and address. A friend of mine lost her two-year-old son in a busy shopping centre. She spent a frantic and agonizing morning in searching for him before going tearfully to the police station. There was her son, and to all inquiries about his name he was replying, "Sweetie Pie."—MRS. JUNE GUDGE, 10 The Gurneys, Paignton, Devon.

Toy Weapons

THE manufacture of dangerous toys for children should be controlled in some way. I saw a boy in a public park with a bow, and arrows four feet long, tipped with metal. They could have blinded or even killed. The park superintendent quite rightly refused to allow him to use them in the park.—J. H., Bristol.

Double Income

WILL R. G. H.'s wife ("Free Speech," September 27) continue in her employment for *only* two years before having their first child? So very often this plan is adopted on marriage but the two years lengthen into three or four, or longer, and still husband and wife find it hard to give up their pleasures, live on one income and have the added expense of a baby. — MRS. J. M. HARWOOD, The Green, Corby Glen, Grantham.

. . . At my office there are forty-eight women and girls, of whom twenty are married. Six of us are engaged, including myself, and we are all decided that we shall continue in our employment after marriage. — MISS DOROTHY BRETTELL, 2 St. Alban's Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

. . . I noticed in the *Guide To Television* (JOHN BULL, September 20) that eleven of the sixteen female stars and announcers are married. Two of the five who are not, are juveniles, and the others may be married, but it is not stated. Those who are seem to be married to men with assured positions in life. Is it a coincidence that these well-paid women have well-paid husbands, or is it usual in the more highly paid professions?—G. E. HALL, Thornygarth, Gateshead.

Of the others, Joan Gilbert and Freda Lingstrom are single. Marghanita Laski is married.

Helping Hand

AN engineer was showing me how to get the best results from my television set, when a queer pattern of lines appeared on the screen. "Don't worry," he told me, "it's the effect of a car passing by outside. Thoughtful motorists fit suppressors to their cars —the cost is only two shillings." He put his tools into his van and drove away. As he did so the lines reappeared on the screen.—J. W., Liverpool.

Take It From Me

I MUST congratulate you on K. J. Petts's excellent painting of the *What's My Line?* team in the *Guide To Television* (JOHN BULL, September 20), and thank you for including a short biographical note of myself in the same issue. However, I am thirty-two years old and not, as you state, thirty-eight. I think you are confusing me with my colleague, Dick Bentley, who is, as everybody knows, eighty-three. By a simple transposition, his age was inserted instead of mine.—JIMMY EDWARDS, Adelphi Theatre, Strand, London, W.C.2.

As Petts saw them; Edwards second from left

Prize City

GLASGOW sets a good example to other cities by awarding a prize to the person who has done most for the citizens over a certain period. The award recognizes acts that have increased the well-being of the citizens, fostered good relations between classes or extended the cultural and educational development of the people.—J. M., Scotland.

The award is the St. Mungo Prize worth £1,000, provided by an anonymous business man, a native of Glasgow, who willed that it should be awarded every three years. The prize-winners to date have been Sir Patrick Dollan, a former Lord Provost of Glasgow; Dr. T. J. Honeyman, Director of Glasgow Art Galleries and Museums; Sir William Burrell, shipowner, who has willed his £1,000,000 art collection to the city; and Sir Steven Bilsland (now Lord Bilsland), for his chairmanship of the Scottish Council.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

How television made Jeanne Heal famous

by

WILFRED GREATOREX

WHO'LL GIVE A HOME TO *Baby Ben?*

He's just about the cutest thing you ever saw. Just adorable. Imagine him by your bedside or in your lounge. Ask for him as your next present, or buy him yourself—NOW!

HE'S LOVELY TO LOOK AT

The new Westclox Baby Ben alarm has everything. The neatest round metal case, with Ivory finish and Gold-colour trim—blending with every colour scheme. A clear modern dial. Elegant pierced hands.

DELIGHTFUL TO KNOW

But there's more to Baby Ben than face value—handsome as he is. He's got a really first-class movement. He's wonderfully reliable, both as a time keeper and an alarm. His tick is so quiet you can barely hear it. He's equipped with special felt pads to protect your polished table. He's dustproof—his controls have sliding panels and spring loaded buffers that protect his mechanism from the air.

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THIS KEYSTONE CERTAINLY TASTES GOOD—YOU'LL ENJOY TAKING DOCTOR'S ADVICE
SORRY, I CAN'T OLD BOY. THE WIFE'S NOT TOO WELL I'M DASHING HOME TO HEAR THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT!
I FEEL BETTER EVEN SINCE MY FIRST GLASS THIS MORNING

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Three weeks to the wedding and she goes down with 'flu!

WE SOON got her temperature down but she was so weak—that's what worried me. I could *not* get her to eat. She just wouldn't look at food. Yet, she needed it desperately.

And then our chemist told me about Benger's Food—how they always give it in hospitals because, being already digested, its pure nourishment is quickly absorbed into the system and builds up a sick person quicker than anything.

And from that time onwards she never looked back—and didn't she look lovely at her wedding! Fancy me not remembering Benger's Food! Why, my mother always kept a tin in the house in case of illness. So shall I in future.

No other food is pre-digested like BENGER'S

DON'T WAIT till someone is ill. It's the first hours of weakness that matter. Be ready to give BENGER'S at once. The quicker you arrest weakness the quicker the recovery. So, just as you keep aspirin, laxatives or cough mixtures "in case," you should always have BENGER'S in the house. It has been the recognised family stand-by in illness for over half a century.

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ICS

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Margiad Evans in The Black House, the cottage where she experienced her first epileptic fit. The clock and lamp are the ones described in her story

John Bull begins publication of the book hailed as the most revealing account ever written of the mysterious world of epilepsy

A RAY OF DARKNESS

by MARGIAD EVANS

THERE ARE, I have been told, about seventy different causes of epilepsy. One must be careful, therefore, before naming oneself, or anyone else, an epileptic. For epilepsy is a symptom rather than a disease. Nevertheless a certain peculiar temperament would appear to go with the symptoms of epileptic fits.

In the application form sent to my husband, a teacher, to be filled in if he wished to take up work in an epileptic colony's school, this temperament was briefly indicated. I must say that it coincided with many of the defects, as well as some of the talents, which I know I possess. Children are described as maladjusted and prone to brood on real or fancied wrongs. I was a child who felt I was deprived of something which I cannot define, but something longed for, something half divine, perhaps, between love and liberty.

At the same time I have always had long or short spells of profound harmony and peace which righted the agonies, the hatreds and the unreturned loves of my youth. This harmony and peace came directly from nature and landscape: not until I was within two years of my first fit did I associate it with God. Certainly I have no other religion except the enjoyment of nature and the belief that all life should be treated with tenderness.

But mine is not a serious case. It is major epilepsy, but thanks to my doctor, to Professor ——, and to the drugs they prescribe and regulate for me, the attacks are not frequent. If they were, I could be insane, for within each seizure is embedded an embryonic second of such terror that body and mind recoil from any association with it.

Two and a half years ago, our cottage was sold over us, the farm changed hands and my husband left work on the land to take up teaching. I went to live with my sister, close to

where I was born in Middlesex. So terrified and bewildered were my husband and I at our separation from each other and from our lovely county, Herefordshire, that he lost his head one day and had a dog we both adored put down. It was the puppy of my dear spaniel Rosie. It had a bad effect on my husband; on me it was terrific. I grieved and grieved. I used to look up at the stars and fancy I saw the shape of Dobie hanging there watching me.

I wrote until early mornings in my bedroom, listening to the sound of the pine trees above my room, whose shadow it seemed I could see in the dark. And my poems were all on death, were all requiems.

Bouts Of Strange Giddiness

My physical health at this time was abounding—except for very bad dull headaches which I put down to rheumatism. They came two or three times a week, preventing me from thinking or enjoying anything. They were annoying, but one thinks nothing of headaches when one has been told that one has rheumatic nodules at the back of the neck. There was, however, another strange symptom which I wonder now did not attract my attention. This was a peculiar giddiness which I have had only three or four times since my fits began but which came then very often. Every time I had it I used to think of bowling and the biased "woods." For it was not that the solid world appeared to move around me as in ordinary giddiness, but that, in a steady world, my head felt awry. It was, in short, as if my brain inside my skull was ashen or weighted at one side. It was disagreeable. I used to get up with it and it usually lasted until nightfall.

As the summer grew, I came to love this place where I had been a child more and more, and I also lost a great deal of my intense unhappiness, for my younger sister and I have always been happy together and I deeply loved her little boy, who was then two years old and had given me a name he had made for me himself. Yet in the midst of joy my preoccupation with death remained. Death which symbolized peace, and natural growth.

During this winter and spring and summer, an influence affected me that was neither thoughtful nor physical. Near my sister's house was an epileptic colony which helped to support itself by its own farm, which owned several hundred acres and was inhabited by some four hundred men, women and children. The men and women were kept apart, but moved about freely in the district in pairs or parties.

It was a pleasant enough place, with roads and rights of way running through it, and we used them almost daily on our roamings. Many and many a time I have pushed my little nephew that way in his pram. When they had attacks the inhabitants often fell down both inside and outside the colony. By some strange chance I never saw even one. It was a well-equipped and well-known epileptic settlement which took in the hopeless cases as well as those who might be "cured"—or, in truer words, grow out of it with proper treatment. I could remember it since my childhood, but it seemed, contrary to the rest of the neighbourhood, to have grown since the memory. Perhaps it had.

It happened that, in her girlhood, my mother, who sang and played well, had gone very often to do both at the colony concerts. Yet, like myself, she had never seen an epileptic person suffer a fit: indeed, she used to tell me how they would surround anyone who fell. She used to think that this was to spare her the sight: but I know now it was the shyness of suffering which I feel myself, and the instinctive loyalty towards one another which people afflicted by the same disease show when it is active—a mysterious mass impulse which might make the timid long to enter such a colony rather than attempt to lead a private life which is no longer private. Just so the religious and the thoughtful among human beings congregate. I did, however, know all the symptoms of epilepsy. I had nursed it in dogs.

Face I Could Not Forget

One evening in early summer when the hawthorn was in bloom, and all the flowers in the different "house" gardens looked bright and soft, I was lingering in a path there on my way home when I met a woman a little older than myself. She had a quiet, pale, ordinary face, unmarked by the redness which we used to notice, and unmarred by accidents—a face which belonged to the outer world. It showed no signs of disease nor of mental disturbance; it was only profoundly sad.

She spoke first. She smiled and said it was a lovely evening, and didn't the may smell sweet? And then she added, "I only came here yesterday. It seems a nice place?" She said it as though she was afraid to trust what she saw. Afterwards, though I never saw her again, the look of her face often came back to me—its patience and its lasting pathos. It was like the face of a child who is trying to like its first boarding school. It is terrible to see an expression of youthful pain on an adult face—an unforgettable thing. It is dreadful to be homesick for health. It must be far easier, I think, to be born an epileptic than to become one.

I knew the chances were that with modern treatment she might be "cured." But I could not forget her; and I see her now and wonder

"This is a work of great importance"

An appreciation of *A Ray Of Darkness*, written by PROFESSOR F. L. GOLLA, F.R.C.P., Director of the Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol, and Britain's foremost authority on epilepsy

I HAVE READ the autobiographical account by Miss Margiad Evans with the greatest interest. Miss Evans has given us a work of very great psychological importance and, inasmuch as she deals with a trouble which, it is estimated, affects nearly one per cent of the population, it is an account that should be widely read, not only by those afflicted but by their friends and all anxious to understand the meaning of the mysterious symptoms in their effect on the mentality of the sufferers.

Epilepsy is not a disease. It is the manifestation of a liability of the nervous system to intermittent discharges in response to irritative lesions that may be of such diverse nature as a bullet wound of the head, or an upset of the chemical regulation of nervous activity. Because of the continued susceptibility of the brain to such generalized discharges, most cases of epilepsy exhibit in a varying degree some divergence from the normal approach to mental life.

In the many cases where writers of genius have been sufferers, it is fascinating to trace how greatly their sensibility and creative activity have been enhanced by the liability of their nervous system to respond as a whole. Generally, however, they are unaware that their mental activity has been so influenced.

Miss Evans has grasped this cardinal fact and it is possible, while enjoying the work of the artist, to appreciate the degree in which the expression of her total personality has been facilitated by the malady.

Outside The Black House, Margiad Evans (left) talks to a friend. Once she dreaded going there

if she had had to sell her home and furniture, or leave a room which she was used to living in, and friends. To lose the world which was, it is true, no longer adapted to her, yet familiar, all because of this stranger in her brain.

It does seem a strange coincidence, indeed, that I, who was free and went in and out and saw the poor children and the sad, bitter, battered faces of the older inhabitants, and the "different" ones of the younger, should have been all the time one of them. It explains the movement of my mind towards them, the extraordinary sympathy which was like affinity, and the curiosity (for it *was* curiosity) which could never forget to speculate upon their feelings though I saw them so often. It was strange, because there has never been any epilepsy on either side of my family and no physical-mental illness whatever.

Tiny Thing That Mattered

During part of August in the year 1949, all the symptoms (which, of course, I did not recognize as being anything of the kind) disappeared, including the oldest of them all, which I have not yet attempted to describe, but will do so now. I cannot recall when I was without moments of separation from my consciousness —moments when I was quite literally conscious and unconscious at the same time. But, as my memory is faulty, it may not really have been since young childhood.

I do *feel*, however, that this consciousness superimposed on unconsciousness has been with me a long while. And here I must be careful, for this is epilepsy itself, though in its minor form; and should anyone read this and recognize it in himself, he should go to a doctor at once. I never did. I never thought of it as anything more than a momentary but natural pressure, due possibly to my defective eyes, or wax in the ears, or some uninteresting, unhygienic trifle of that kind. Through all the small illnesses and consequent interviews with doctors since I was grown up and responsible for myself, I never mentioned it—the one tiny thing that mattered and meant so much future trouble. How can it be described? It came often after I had been stooping—scrubbing the floors perhaps, or planting seeds in our gardens—which was what made me connect it with momentary pressure.

It caused no pain, it lasted a few seconds, I saw and heard and moved while it happened. I have often crossed a room and, while not losing sight or bearings, not know *how* I crossed it. The sequence of consciousness was so little broken by it, that after it had happened it seemed that not an atom of time or myself had been missing, and I only knew it had happened again by the numb sensation in the centre of the brain which followed it. I do not get it now that the major attacks have superseded it; and that makes it still more difficult to be accurate in recollection. I do, however, remember laughing to my husband about my "little wheel" going off again. It seemed like a tiny wheel—the wheel say, of a watch, whirring at blurring speed, quite soundlessly, in my head while I went on with whatever I was doing, guided by the consciousness left over rather than the consciousness of the moment.

Loud Silence In My Head

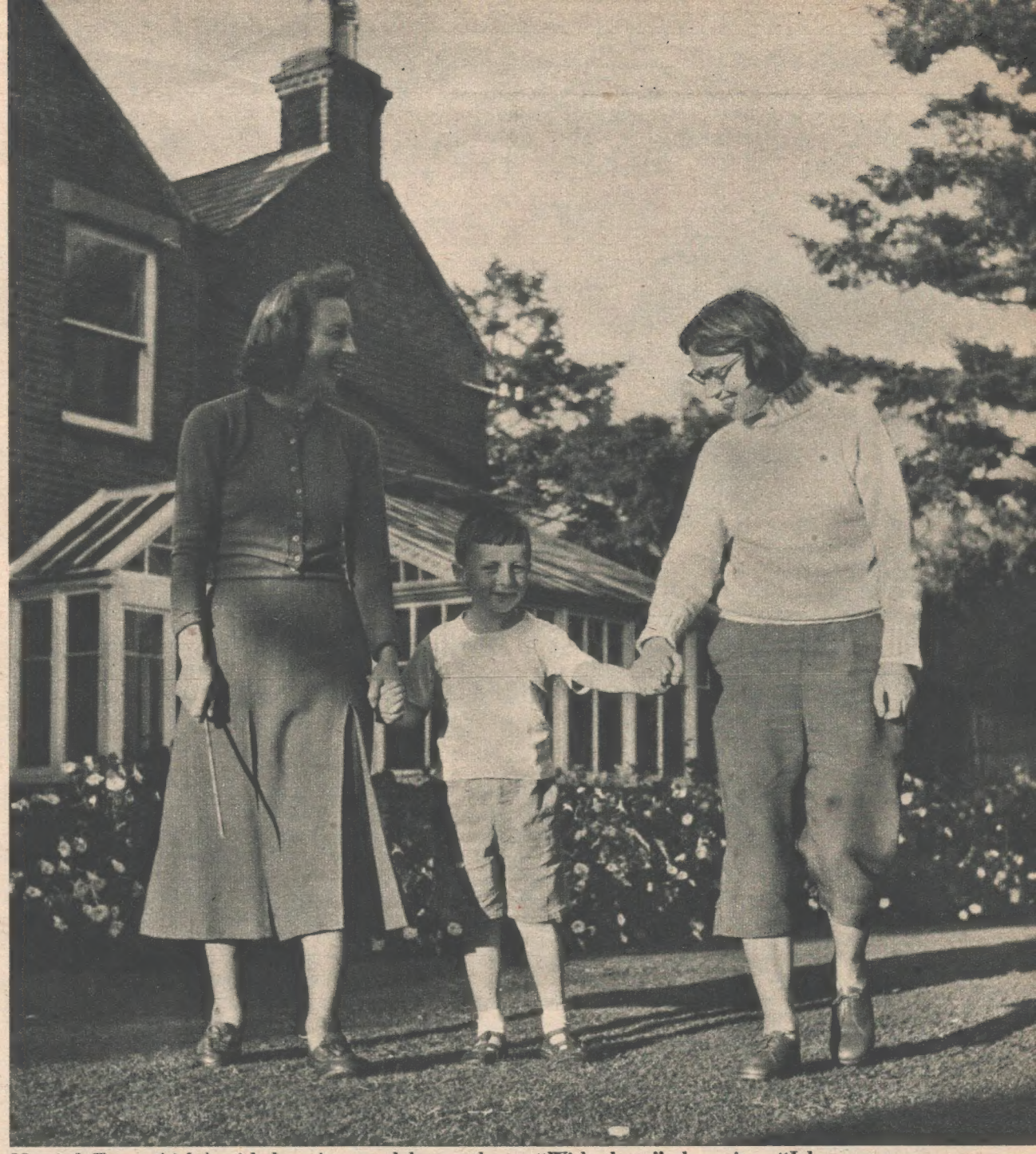
The wheel would then cease, and there was a loud silence such as follows a blow on a drum, also in my head. A clanging ache followed that. The whole thing took about as long as for a normal person to walk five paces, say.

These spells became more frequent and longer and *darker* during the year 1948 than at any other time in my life. During the spring and summer of 1949, which I am describing, I had only two of them, both of which, strangely enough, I remember, and both of which, still more strangely, occurred on the same spot.

When they have happened to me while crossing a room I have, if I may so illustrate it, left myself on one side and come to myself on the other, while feeling an atom of time divided the two selves, as the room might divide the figures of myself, supposing anyone could create two figures of me. And this is important to the story, because "the two figures" idea became so strong later and so haunting just before each major fit that I had later, that I was afraid of there being a real split in me. It took me a whole year of suffering, and possibly a dozen major fits, to disentangle myself from the terror of mental disorder, and to discover by hard meditation the true state I was in during that dreaded moment of double bodiedness.

Does not every one of us have a mental image of himself which he watches ceaselessly, which he must watch, and which must not, for his health's and sanity's sake, deviate from the self seen by everybody else? I believe it could be so: that this mental image and exact reproduction may have been accepted and understood from very ancient days—that it may, in fact, have been the birth of the forever unconfirmed, forever believed-in idea of a soul. And that the object of a great deal of evil magic and witchcraft was aimed at this mental image—at its distortion and division from the physical one, causing insanity or death.

These very minute attacks which I have tried to describe were the first sign of a difference, nevertheless, between my conscious body and what I have called its mental image, its twin in action. And the last two of them took place on the same spot. There was a most beautiful beech wood about a mile from our home when we were children. I was now living with my sister in the house next door to that old home; and one afternoon soon after I first went there, in January or February of 1949, I set off to look at the wood—the Cathedral, we had called it. I was sure of my direction, yet I could not find it. There was the little river, now dry, the willows and the slope of fields beyond. And there, inexplicably, was a farmhouse, a very old farmhouse, where none had been.



Margiad Evans (right) with her sister and her nephew. "With them," she writes, "I lost my intense unhappiness. But my preoccupation with death remained. My poems were all requiems"

Desolation Returned To Me

Of course the wood had been cut down and the farm revealed. But it took me some roaming and searching to be certain of this. At last I stood on the winter grass where the last night's frost was still blue in the shadow of the blackberry bushes, looking on the ruins of the Cathedral. They *were* ruins. Many a bombed and fire-gutted church, that the green weeds and nettles and briars are smoothing and hiding, looks like that hacked and torn wood.

I looked. With the sense of loss came a memory of running away from home and hiding under those trees for a whole day when I was supposed to go back to boarding school. I had known very nearly nothing at ten—I could hardly read at nine. I lived in my instincts and those emotions which were to be my only true memory. Now that time came back to me —the desolation, the lack of courage which could

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The Marriage Broker

by F. E. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT, R.I.

Tom Greenslade was a middle-aged Cupid. He fired his darts with cunning—but one of them, alas, went awry

NOTHING HAPPENED in the village for three years—literally, nothing; not even one single birth, death, or marriage. It made Tom Greenslade sad. He was the parish clerk. He would have made the entry in the big Parish Register if there had been one to make, in fine copper-plate writing like the parish clerks before him had used for 300 years or more; what the vicar called "a fair round hand."

Tom had been practising that writing; thin strokes up and thick strokes down, beautiful curves and giant, flowering capitals. He tried it in his account books—he was the local builder and contractor—but it seemed like sacrilege. He tried it for his private correspondence, but it only ran about ten words to a page, so it wasn't much use. It had to be in the Parish Register.

But nobody had a baby; nobody died; nobody got married.

Tom brooded over it; sometimes, over a drink, he even became maudlin about it. He was a man who had always known his duty: he had married and begotten a daughter, and buried his wife. All becomingly; all noted in the Parish Register. Why couldn't others do the same?

He invited Judith Cornford, the church organist and proprietor of the village store, to sympathize with him; and Judith did. She sympathized with everybody; she was like that.

"It isn't your fault, Tom," she said. "Somebody's sure to get married one day. Perhaps Arthur Headlam. . . ."

"No," said Tom firmly. "Not young Headlam. Not if I know it." Young Headlam was after his daughter, Ruth.

Judith sighed. She always did over frustrated love affairs. She had had one herself—with Tom Greenslade. That was old history.

But she had given Tom an idea. Births and deaths he could not do anything about, being a respectable widower with a position to maintain; but marriages . . . marriages. . . .

He surveyed the population—all 300 of them. He eliminated those already married, their children, and the very aged. That left a score or so. He further eliminated all those under twenty-five because he had strong opinions on the folly of marrying too young; and also because he had to eliminate his daughter, Ruth, who kept house for him. He had only included her in the first place because, he told himself, he was a very fair man.

His final list contained three names—a workable number. All were forty-ish, probably; all were eligible, so far as he knew; all would benefit from marriage, in his opinion.

The one male was George Bagshott, the gamekeeper; George was sadly in need of a woman to keep him tidy.

One of the females was little Louise Parfitt, a slim, faded girl who had once been pretty, but who—in the opinion of the village wives—had "let herself go" during her widowed mother's last long illness.

The second female was Judith Cornford herself; and Tom, considering her, wondered why he had never thought of the idea before. Surely no more marriageable woman than Judy Cornford existed? She was pleasantly plump, amiable, sympathetic—and she dimpled delightfully when she laughed, which was often. She deserved a husband, too, since she had only missed her earlier chance with him through possessing an exaggerated sense of duty towards her ailing parents, now both mercifully deceased.

Tom put the two women in the scales, and the scales bumped heavily in favour of Judith. Little Louise Parfitt went on to the reserve list. For one thing, she was still young enough to find somebody; for another—well, she was perhaps a shade too delicate for George Bagshott, who was on the hearty side. She might better suit a quieter, more respectable sort of man if such appeared.

Louise twirled in front of him, pretty and

His field thus set, Tom advanced to the attack. Chancing to meet George Bagshott in the taproom of the Bull, he weighed in without preliminaries.

"You ought to get married," he said.

"Who to?" asked George.

"Judy Cornford."

"Too fat," said George.

Tom objected indignantly. "She's not fat. Just nicely covered. Plump, I'd call it. The plump ones are always cheerful. Haven't you noticed that?"

The gamekeeper said he had not. He hardly knew Miss Cornford. He hardly knew any women. Of those he did, he preferred the thin ones. Mostly, however, he preferred dogs.

Tom persisted. "You ought to get to know her," he said. "She's a woman in a thousand. You just take notice next time you're in the shop. Get talking to her."

George said he'd remember if he didn't forget. Then he winked at the landlord and remarked that the year promised well for pheasants.

Tom accepted the closure of the conversation and turned away. A hint was all he had meant to drop. He also ignored a remark from young Arthur Headlam to the effect that Miss Cornford wasn't the only female in the village likely to remain a spinster to the end of her days if some people had their way.

Miss Cornford he approached with greater subtlety. Women appreciated subtlety.

"I was reading in the paper," he said casually as he leaned on her cash register, "about what a lot of old people there are living alone with no one to look after them. It seems hard."

Judith looked up sharply and said maybe it was, but that was no reason why young people should be expected to sacrifice themselves. Some parents she could name were so selfish. . . .

Tom, remembering Judith's own sacrifice, said hastily that he was thinking of the unmarried ones, the older people without children. "It's worse for them," he suggested, "because they can see it coming. Take—well, take George Bagshott for instance."

To his satisfaction, Judith took George with enthusiasm. "He was in here this morning," she said, as she carefully erected a pyramid of soap tablets. "The state of his clothes! I

vivacious. "Do you like it?" she said gaily. Tom was staring, amazed. It was a transformation

nearly offered to do some mending for him."

"That's just like you, Judy," Tom said, beaming at her. "Always full of sympathy. George needs a woman to look after him."

It was not, he thought, entirely the exertion of erecting the soap that caused her to blush.

"You might," he suggested, striking while the iron was hot, "do a lot of good for him, one way and another."

Judith paused. "I might," she said, at last.

TOM stepped lightly as he left the shop. Judy had not seemed as pleased as she might have been at his suggestion; but she had not been displeased, either. All would go well.

The next time he met George Bagshott he was convinced of it. The gamekeeper had tidied himself. He wore a collar and tie. His legs were encased in neat gaiters. Moreover, it was he who mentioned Judith.

"I did what you said," he announced. "She's got sense, all right. She's started something, she has." And he slapped Tom on the back with great heartiness and went off singing.

Tom watched him go with some misgivings. Was he, perhaps, too hearty? Was it quite fair to Judith? Yet it would have been even less fair to little Louise Parfitt. Judith had at least a kind of managerial firmness, possibly resulting from her handling of her shop and the church choir.

In any case, it was done now. Judith's own manner towards him showed that. It had undergone a significant change. There was a measure of restraint. As often as not she called him Mr. Greenslade instead of Tom. She blushed—faintly but quite certainly—whenever he mentioned the subject of marriage. If he mentioned George Bagshott, her eyes took on a faraway look as though she were planning the future.

The next time he saw George Bagshott the gamekeeper was carrying a brace of pheasants. He was spruce, he smelt of hair-cream, and he was hurrying. "A little present for a friend," he said.

Tom wondered, for a while, whether the job was not going too smoothly. He had learned in his trade to distrust the apparently easy. One was liable to get the roof on, and then find the foundations giving way. For that reason he would have liked George to increase the pace a little. He could not feel entirely comfortable till the job was finished—confetti flying, cameras clicking, bells pealing.

Besides, people were beginning to talk—well, not to talk, exactly, but as good as, or worse than. Men, catching his eye in the street, would glance significantly towards Judith Cornford's shop. The landlord of the Bull, winking heavily at the company, would inquire if Tom approved of white weddings for middle-aged brides. A choirboy of the more detestable kind would look him straight in the eye and whistle a bar or two of the wedding march.

All this, Tom realized unhappily, meant that the word had got around about his well-meant efforts. They were probably sniggering and calling him the Marriage Broker. Let them, he thought, caressing the heavy calf binding of the Parish Register. He could put up with that.

What he couldn't put up with were signs of rebellion at home. Young Arthur Headlam was a thorn in his side, had been for over a year. And Ruth was encouraging him.

When he saw Headlam's rackety little car disappearing down the road one evening, he marched into the house, shouting angrily.

"Ruth!"

"What is it?"

"That young Headlam's been here again," he said.

Ruth's voice did not so much as quaver. "Of course he has," she said.

"After what I told you both last year," said Tom, more in anger than sorrow.

"Last year," Ruth reminded him coldly, "I wasn't twenty-one. Now I am."

"It doesn't make any difference," Tom raged.

"Judy Cornford says it does," said Ruth calmly.

Tom gasped and followed her into the living-room, temporarily bereft of speech.

"She says I'd better make the most of my chances while I'm young," Ruth went on. "She missed hers, don't forget."

Tom ate his dinner that night in raging silence. His faith in human nature, especially the feminine part of it, had received a rough jolt. That Judy Cornford, for whom he had done so much, should stab him in the back!

It was only slight comfort to him to reflect that Arthur Headlam could not keep a wife properly on his wages. Certainly he could not find a house. Tom supposed grimly that the happy couple would expect to live with him. Well, they were in for a shock.

His immediate need, however, was for sympathy. The two persons to whom he usually turned were now allied against him—Ruth and Judith. He felt very, very lonely.

A WEEK passed, then fate came to his assistance. He received a message that little Louise Parfitt would be glad for him to step over and discuss the redecoration of her house.

Tom stepped over with alacrity. Louise was just the person to whom he might turn in his distress. As a complete contrast to Judith she was ideal. She had all that girlish softness which he now realized both Ruth and Judith lacked. He was, however, a little surprised that she should request his presence on such business. Since her mother died she had become notorious for neglecting the appearance of her house as much as that of her own person.

He was very considerably surprised when he saw her. She had—as the village wives would say—"pulled herself together." She was, indeed, quite charming; prettily dressed and groomed, vivacious, girlish.

"How nice of you to come so quickly!" she cried, and squeezed his arm affectionately as she took him through the house.

Tom's mouth felt dry. He found it difficult to concentrate on decorations. He had come hoping to be comforted. He had also been toying with the idea that it might do Judith good to be served up with a rival—if Louise

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Knocking down the world's treasures

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Christie's auction rooms were started by a humbug and charmer with pigs for sale. Now polite battles rage over fabulous masterpieces

DURING A RECENT SALE at Christie's, the fine art auctioneers in London, Gordon Hannen in the rostrum suddenly stopped the bidding and, in a loud whisper, asked the sales clerk to inquire from the gentleman who had made the last bid whether he seriously intended to buy. The clerk made his way across the crowded room, put the question to the bidder, and returned with the reply. But the clerk was sent back again, this time to warn the man that he would have to pay for successful bids in cash before he left.

It was rough treatment for a customer at a fashionable auction room, but it is a special way they have at Christie's of handling "puffers," or people who bid merely to push up the price. As Hannen recalls, that one faded out soon afterwards. "With a little experience in the rostrum you can sense immediately that something is wrong," he says. "And we stand for no monkey tricks."

Christie's today is a great deal more than a series of auction rooms. Some of the most famous masterpieces in the world have been sold and resold there in the firm's two centuries of varied history. Last year, Constable's famous landscape, "The Young Waltonians," was sold at Christie's for 42,000 guineas. The year before, Lady Strickland's collection of jewellery fetched more than £100,000, with £29,000 paid for a single blue water diamond weighing 47.85 carats and said to be the largest of its kind in private hands. Lord Lonsdale's Queen Anne toilet service was sold for £7,800, the Duke of Norfolk's sixteenth-century ivory and silver cup for £11,000, and Lady Ludlow's famous diamond ear pendants for £25,000.

Ten Per Cent On All Sales

Lots frequently go for a few pounds or a few shillings, but the total volume is well over a million pounds a year. Christie's get ten per cent on all sales, except books and certain antiquities for which the commission is fifteen per cent. It is a rule that sales may be conducted only by a director of the firm, with another on the floor of the house watching the proceedings: Christie's zealously guard their reputation for being absolutely fair, offering the same chance for every bidder, amateur or professional, in open competition. There must be complete confidence, Gordon Hannen explains, in the good faith of the man in the rostrum, even perhaps with his own property under the hammer, or privately commissioned himself to buy at a certain level.

A few years ago a dealer, unable to attend a sale, commissioned the purchase up to £80 of one picture he particularly wanted. He got it for £32, but, when taking delivery, discovered that the owner had been the man who had done the selling. "It was for a Dutch client, who would have been delighted to pay the limit," the dealer said later. "But when I tried to show my appreciation by offering my friend at Christie's a box of cigars, my gift was refused with the utmost graciousness."

At a Christie's sale in the auction rooms in quiet St. James's Place, near Piccadilly, the mood is one of polite restraint, though outbursts of temperament are not uncommon. Once, when a set of Chippendale chairs belonging to Lord Sandwich went for £2,600, feelings ran so high that Hannen had to ask one of the bidders to leave and not return.

Buying is often done by commission agents acting for clients who do not wish to disclose their identity. Agnews, the Bond Street dealers, tell the story of one of their partners, Morland Agnew, who went to Christie's to bid for a seapiece by Van der Capelle, intending to go up to about £400. An agent named Philpott was dozing near the fire and, as he passed him, Agnew nudged him to wake him up. From his seat, Agnew noticed that Philpott was bidding vigorously, though his business was bric-à-brac, not pictures. A contest developed between them. Philpott eventually won for 700 guineas. Next day he walked into Agnews and presented them with the picture.

"But you asked me to buy it," Philpott explained to the astonished Morland Agnew. "You nudged me when it was on the easel."

Junk Dealer Lost Bargain

Each of the five directors at Christie's is an authority on the articles which he generally sells. With Hannen it is books; Sir Alec Martin, pictures; William Martin (his son) prints and drawings; Sir Henry Floyd, *objets d'art*, carpets, tapestries, porcelain; Peter Chance, silver, jewels, snuff boxes. Their advice is free to any client who brings his property in for valuation.

One woman brought a picture for which, she said, her doctor wished to make her an offer. Christie's advised her to put it up for auction—it was a Gainsborough and was sold for £9,450. Another woman produced an ornament she had kept on her piano for years; a junk dealer wanted her to throw it in with a lot of other stuff she wished to dispose of. It turned out to be a cup of Arabian glass with silver feet of exquisite French workmanship. At a sale it fetched £1,700, and was later bequeathed to the British Museum.

Would-be clients have themselves sent in some curious "discoveries"—such treasures as "a cigar half-smoked by King Edward VII," "a picture of the Battle of Waterloo with Nelson in command," "a pedigree bedstead suitable for accouchements," and "a letter written by our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Under Christie's directors are the technical assistants who are responsible for drafting particulars for the catalogues. Often men of wide experience, they verify gems and antiques, and put gold and silver through the "acid test."

Gordon Hannen in the rostrum at Christie's.

Years ago, Hannen recalls, a director named Taylor and a dealer named Boore could never get on very well. One day, as a silver claret jug came up for sale, Boore, who was handling it, interrupted with: "Excuse me, this is not silver." The sale was stopped; the senior technical assistant was sent for and questioned by Taylor, who then turned to Boore. "This jug," he said, "has stood our acid test. It ought to stand your claret."

Every likely piece of furniture has to be searched carefully for secret drawers, a job that is done by Charlie Evans, a joiner with more than fifty years' service at Christie's. A bureau was once sold to a furniture dealer who found three rings in a secret drawer. He returned them, with a request that they be given back to the previous owner of the bureau. He added that he had no interest in the rings and no desire to be involved in any legal action, or even to hear anything further.

Refused To Touch Rings

Hannen wrote to the vendor, who replied that the bureau had been in the family for about thirty years. But none of them had ever known of the secret drawer. The rings, he insisted, were not his property; he would not touch them. So Hannen consulted the firm's lawyers. They advised selling the rings, waiting a few years in case a claimant came forward, and then applying to court for an order of disposal. The rings fetched £1,200 at a sale. Ten years later, when the case came up for review, the court decided that the money should go to Christie's. "But," Hannen adds, "if anybody can establish a better claim he is welcome to it."

Normally, goods sent to Christie's are put up for sale within six weeks, but items have been on their books since 1831. They arrived without the owner's identity, and Christie's are still awaiting disposal instructions. Hannen is grateful that the bomb which destroyed their famous

It is a rule of the firm that only the directors are allowed to conduct sales

Dealers get ready for the bidding. Once, Christie's sold pigs

King Street premises solved a number of these problems as well—including a stack of bamboo furniture, originally dispatched from Brighton, which had lain in their store rooms for more than forty years. But Christie's still have a picture they were sent a couple of decades ago—the property of several members of the same family so completely in disagreement with each other that Christie's have been advised to wait until all but one die and the survivor can make a decision unopposed.

Freezing Work In Vaults

Though books are Hannen's speciality, he is the all-rounder, travelling when required with a technical unit to give on-the-spot probate valuations. This sometimes involves preparing technical descriptions of the contents of a stately home of perhaps 300 rooms. The last major job of this sort was in Scotland in January, at a house of 297 rooms, with most of the furniture stored in the vaults and stables.

"It was freezing work," Hannen says. "Muffled up to the ears, we tackled it as quickly as we could, shouting directions to my secretary, who followed us from vault to vault and stable to stable with her typewriter and an electric heater at the end of a long lead."

To Hannen's mind, valuations are the most exciting sidelines to his job. Two years ago he came across a Rembrandt in a lumber room, where it had lain forgotten for years. At a house in Gloucester, crammed with bric-à-brac and hideous Victorian paintings, he saw in the attic the back of a picture projecting a few inches behind a wooden chest, and recognized the twill canvas of the kind used by one master particularly. It was a beautiful Romney head, later sold for £1,250.

But Hannen's most magnificent find was in the world of books. Last year he discovered in a library cupboard the whole series of Gould's valuable *Birds of America*, with all the actual drawings used for the illustrations. In the same house were also the four folios of Shakespeare's plays, in the first edition, still unblemished after four centuries, except for a small mark on one of the covers. "Any serious collector would be prepared to pay up to £6,000 for a book printed by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde, and consider himself lucky if he possessed two," Hannen adds. "That day I came across a dozen."

The story goes that two country auctioneers once paid a visit to Christie's to watch the stars of the profession in action. After half an hour, during which the man in the rostrum merely called the advances and knocked down the lot to the highest bidder, one of the visitors said: "There's nothing to learn here. These goods sell themselves."

There is no sales talk at Christie's—a far cry from the original James Christie, whose rostrum technique went something like this: "Will your ladyship do me the honour to say £50—a mere trifle? The inexhaustible munificence of your Ladyship's superlatively candid generosity must harmonize with the refulgent brilliancy of this little jewel!"

A bit of an actor, humbug and charmer, he was shrewd enough to spot the possibilities for an auctioneer's rooms in the heart of the fashionable London of nearly 200 years ago. A Chippendale rostrum was made specially for him. His intimate friends were painters like Reynolds, Benjamin West and Lawrence, the first three presidents of the Royal Academy, and Gainsborough, who painted his portrait, specifying that it must hang in his entrance hall.

Record Price—For Borough

In the library at Christie's are 7,000 volumes of their auction books, going back to the earliest ones which list coffins, barrel organs, pigs, sedan chairs and farmyard dung, as well as James Christie's record price for a single lot, the notorious Borough of Gatton in Surrey, that carried a seat in the Commons, which he sold for £39,000.

Gordon Hannen's own record sale exceeds £91,000 for 190 Italian drawings. But the most exhausting, he says, was the Rose Hill collection of antiquities, for which he realized £15,000 after five days' hard selling. Hannen joined Christie's in 1919, straight from the Army; his son, Guy Hannen, who joined in 1946, is now studying jewels as a technical assistant.

A sound basic grounding is required for directorship, for at Christie's a mistake might cost thousands. With dealers bidding with no more than a nod or a raised finger, an auctioneer also has to keep his wits about him to ensure that partners do not compete against each other, as they have done occasionally in the past.

Bought Picture By Mistake

Not so long ago a young man walked into a sale at Christie's, caught the eye of the auctioneer, whom he knew personally, and greeted him with a nod. To the visitor's surprise, a picture was knocked down to him at 400 guineas. There was no escape from the situation; he was legally obliged to buy. A moment later a little man sidled up to him and furtively offered him ten per cent more than he had paid.

Despite every precaution, serious mistakes are made by customers at Christie's. Once, at a sale of silver, most of which was being sold by weight, Hannen noticed a famous general bidding for an enormous Victorian centre-dish. Hannen's partner, who was in the rostrum, took care to specify after every bid that it was "per ounce," and the bidding rose in pennies till the lot went to the general for 7s. 6d.

Delighted, the general gave his card, and was leaving the room when he saw a friend who never missed a sale. "I've just got a bargain," the general said. "You wouldn't believe it, but I've bought that solid silver piece for seven and six!"

"You mean £750," the other corrected. "It weighs 2,000 ounces."

Hannen heard of the general's mistake only after the sale. Fortunately, the dealer who made the bid just below his, for 7s. 3d., was prepared to take the dish at that price. But the general had to pay the difference. His inattention cost him £25. THE END

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Belchambers, his speech made, sat smiling calmly. Carson was on his feet, banging the table. "You'll do what?" he roared. "Over my dead body!"

It's a man's world

by TOM HOPKINSON

Six months to put the company back on its feet and save his own job. . . . His wife didn't know the mess they were in. She didn't have to—if he could pull it off

A LEAN-FACED MAN of about fifty looked up from the table at which two directors of the company were sitting, and where for the last hour he had joined them. The last of the dozen or so shareholders present at the annual general meeting had filed out of the room.

"Thank God for that!" he remarked.

There was no reply.

"I'm amazed we got away with it so well," he continued, determined to be cheerful. "No dividend—and practically no questions asked. I think the explanation I gave them really settled the issue—there was a moment when that old woman in the corner looked like making herself awkward." He turned to either side for approval. All he got was the flash of a glance between the other two. Then the man on his left spoke.

"See here, Belchambers," he began. The speaker was a large man, floridly tweeded, a miller on a big scale, with whom Belchambers had had many drinks, and whom he was in the habit of patronizing slightly at the golf club. But now the loose face had hardened, and there was an edge to the voice usually fluid with good nature. "See here, Belchambers. It's time for a little straight talking. We didn't say anything to you before the meeting, because you're a fairly soft type and we could see you'd enough on your plate to carry your explanation off before that half-dozen old age pensioners you call shareholders. . . . You know *why* you carried it off, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't want to flatter myself. . . ."

"Then *don't*! You carried it off for just one reason—because the biggest shareholder in the room today has about five hundred quid in the bloody company, and they could all see Wethered and me sitting here at the table in for ten thousand each. They know *we* aren't bloody fools, and if we, as directors, say things are O.K., then, for the time being, they are. That's what got us through the meeting, Belchambers. Not your damned affability and your few well-chosen words."

"Well, whoever managed it, at any rate we've got over that hurdle," Belchambers broke in nervously. "Really"—in a last effort to assume control—"I don't think this is quite the moment for quarrelling among ourselves. . . ."

"Don't you?" asked the big man, Carson, filling his pipe clumsily. "We do."

Belchambers looked at him, and recognized with a shock what he ought to have understood long ago—that to Carson and the lawyer, Wethered, business was the sole reality, compared to which all else was shadow; and that in the cause of business they'd break him without a second thought.

All that background of good manners, education, sportsmanship—by which he lived, and

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

"How did the meeting go?" she asked. For a moment he hesitated, wondering what to tell her

with which he fancied he had intimidated them so that he could always more than hold his own—all that, to them, was so much window-dressing, which they'd use so long as it suited, but which would hardly secure a month's grace when they ceased to find him serviceable.

As Belchambers sat and trembled, Carson went on:

"The company's been going two years, and it's actually losing money faster than it was when we began. You're the general manager, drawing a damn' good screw, while Wethered and I look like losing what we put in—to say nothing of the other three directors who haven't even bothered to turn up."

"We've been extremely unlucky," Belchambers put in eagerly. "And the engineer's no good; I always said he was no good. He's been the cause of half the trouble."

"Then, for Pete's sake, *sack* him," said Carson viciously. "What the hell d'you take powers for if you don't know how to use them? Sit there and tell us the engineer's no good when we both know he's still in his job! What are you—a stuffed rabbit?"

Belchambers went white.

"This is our last word," Carson said. "You can run this company for us for six months more. If at the end of that time it isn't paying—out you go! I don't care who you sack or what you do, but if it isn't making real money by October, you're for the high jump. And when I say a thing like that, I mean it. Every word."

"But look here," Belchambers protested. "I quite understand that things haven't been too good, and in general it's my responsibility to see they go better. But as for getting me out: you know, you can't do that without an annual general meeting. And I must say even then it wouldn't look too good. . . ."

Carson gave him a look of extreme brutality. "You think we couldn't get rid of you without an annual general meeting?" he asked.

"You couldn't sack me, just like that. I've got a contract."

"We *shouldn't* sack you," said Carson, laying his pipe down on the table. "You'd resign, Mr. Bloody Belchambers, you'd resign! You've got a mortgage on your house. You've an overdraft at the bank. You put your last three thousand quid into this company. You don't imagine you'd get that out again without our permission, do you? Why, let alone resign, you'd walk on your hands and knees from here to Aldeburgh if Wethered and I said you'd got to."

Wethered, the lawyer, had sat silent hitherto; now he pushed back his chair and gathered his papers together. Appealingly, like a small boy craving help, Belchambers looked up at him: it was clear from his face that he didn't expect protection; all he still hoped for was a friendly word.

The lawyer cleared his throat: "Mr. Carson has stated the case extremely clearly."

A man's virtues can bring about his downfall; equally, his weaknesses may be his salvation. One of Belchambers's weaknesses—indeed, an expression of his whole general weakness—was his tendency to talk. Most men would have kept such a humiliation as he had been through to themselves, shared it perhaps with their wives, while concealing it at all costs from their neighbours. In Belchambers's eyes, the very last person who must know what had happened was his wife.

"It's a man's world," he often said; and he firmly believed it.

That night, they were going out to dinner. As she adjusted her ear-rings before her dressing-table mirror, his wife asked him: "How did the meeting go today, dear?"

For a moment he gazed at her reflection in the mirror, wondering what to tell her. Then—"Oh, very well, dear. Everything very satisfactory."

It was the essence of his whole way of life to appear to her as the competent man of the world providing for all her needs. She had a delightful house—which she did not know was mortgaged—servants, a car, good clothes, a recognized position. Her life was a prolonged demonstration of her husband's devotion and ability. How could he possibly imperil all that by talking to her?

But if Belchambers could not discuss what had happened with his wife, he had no hesitation at all in speaking to casual acquaintances, and the first to whom he told his story was the landlord of the Suffolk Punch, where he usually had one or two drinks before dinner.

"Things not going too well up at the pits," he remarked. "Shareholders getting a bit restive."

"I see you've had to pass the dividend again," the landlord answered. "I suppose they *do* expect to see a bit of something back from time to time."

"It's that fellow Aveling. No good at all! Can't think what made me take him on. Knows nothing about gravel, and nothing about engineering. There's far too much water coming into the workings all the time—then we have to install pumps to shift it out, and before we know where we are, costs have mounted, and we can't sell the stuff at a competitive price. Must get rid of the fellow."

"Who're you going to take on in Aveling's place?"

"That's exactly it. I just don't know. It seems silly to sack a man and not have anyone to take his place."

The landlord thought a minute. "You might do worse than have a word with Gibb—that chap who's taken the new bungalow just by your workings. . . ."

It was a measure of the shock Carson had given him that Belchambers went round the same evening to see Gibb, instead of putting it off—as he put off all slightly difficult problems or unusual situations—until next day, or the day after.

Gibb lived in a bungalow perched on a kind of

Continued on page 29

The Sound Barrier proved that Lean could make successful films starring his wife, Ann Todd. Here they discuss a scene with (right) Terence Rattigan

David Lean climbs back from his flops

by LAWRENCE EARL

After his meteoric rise to the top, some people tried to connect his two failures with his marriage. He scorned their views. Now he has ecstatic notices to show that they were wrong

ONE OF THE MORE feverish topics of conversation round the film studios these days concerns the dashing come-back of David Lean, a tall, dark, and angularly handsome director whose most recent work, *The Sound Barrier,* has drawn ecstatic notices from the critics. Yet, to colleagues who never forget that a director is only as good as his last picture, it seems but yesterday that Lean was on the verge of failure.

His last film but one was *Madeleine,* based on the true story of a Glasgow girl; his last but two, *The Passionate Friends.* Both starred Ann Todd, a lovely, ascetic-looking blonde, known in the business for her strong personality. Both films were made during a turbulent period in Lean's private life; a period in which he and Ann Todd first were involved in a double divorce suit, and then married one another. And, to put it bluntly, both these pictures were flops. They were the only failures in Lean's otherwise impressively successful list, which includes, among others, *This Happy Breed, Brief Encounter,* and *Great Expectations*—all multiple winners of international awards.

In an effort to explain the two lone failures, one acquaintance declared recently, "They were an exquisitely photographed series of close-ups of Ann Todd." Then he added, "But you could hardly blame him for that. David was in love. Look at Rossellini: he made wonderful films. Then he fell in love with Bergman."

If Lean is aware of this view he scorns it. That is not to say that he is unable to accept criticism for, indeed, he goes out of his way to ask for it, and never hesitates to voice his own. When everyone else thought his *Brief Encounter* —the film version of Noël Coward's play *Still Life*—was a sparkling gem, Lean's comment was, "But the movie was a clever piece of tailoring—in the same way that yesterday's joint is today's rissoles." He meant that the film medium is different from any other, and that stories should be especially written for it.

On the other hand, as a co-worker pointed out

a few weeks ago, "When people said 'Ann Todd is no good for him,' David was delighted to disprove this by *The Sound Barrier*." Mrs. Lean starred in that film, too, and was roundly praised for her work by the critics.

With Carol Reed and Anthony Asquith, David Lean has often been mentioned as one of Britain's three most distinguished film directors. Though he is half an inch short of six feet in height, Lean's weight is well under eleven stone. He was once described as having "the profile of a poet and the single-mindedness of a fanatic." In fact, he resembles a somewhat worried and more intellectual Gregory Peck. Yet he has only once himself appeared in front of, instead of behind, the camera.

Doing Four Jobs At Once

This reversal occurred while on location at Lake Annecy, in France, during the making of *The Passionate Friends*. There was a scene in the script in which Trevor Howard and Ann Todd were to scud over the lake in a speedboat. When the time came to shoot this, it was discovered that the boat would hold only three people. Someone would have to be at the controls. Where, then, would the camera operator go? How would Lean direct the sequence?

He solved the problem by fastening the camera to the bow, setting up a mirror beside it, and learning to operate both craft and camera. Then, running the boat at high speed and watching the two actors in the mirror, he switched the camera motor on—becoming camera operator, director, actor, and boatman all in one. "I wore a beret to keep in character," he recalls with one of his rare smiles.

Altogether, this seemed a great deal of trouble to go to, considering that the sequence lasted on the screen for about four seconds. But nothing is ever too much trouble for Lean.

This was borne out by his long and painstaking preparations for *The Sound Barrier*, a film which was later to appear on the screen for a comparatively brief 118 minutes. The idea for the picture came to Lean when he read of the death of Geoffrey de Havilland while testing an experimental jet plane. Determined to make a study of the aircraft industry, he visited the de Havilland company, Rolls-Royce, the Royal Aircraft Establishment, and the Vickers Supermarine Works.

At Vickers, he met veteran test pilot Wimpey Wade, who had been described to Lean as the best in the business. "How can you tell when one test pilot is better than another?" he asked. "You can tell by how long he stays alive," Wade replied, jokingly. Four weeks later, Lean was shocked to read that Wade had been killed in a crash.

This sad news came to him towards the end of the three months' period of intensive research Lean put in on jet planes. Then he wrote a 20,000 word summing-up of what he had learned, and passed it along to Terence Rattigan.

Affinity For Rossellini

In time, Rattigan sent him his completed script. Then Lean and his associate producer, Norman Spencer, spent the next few weeks with Rattigan while they went, page by page and scene by scene, through the script and talked over each point. By the time the director was satisfied, the script was an accurate blueprint of every word, action and scene in the film to come. That is Lean's way of working.

It is strange that, having few intimates, Lean feels an affinity for Roberto Rossellini, a film craftsman whose work and methods are completely dissimilar to his own. In fact, Rossellini says he does not see how his British colleague works. Once he asked Lean, "At what point of making a film do you give your greatest creative contribution?"

Lean replied, "Before I've shot any of it."

The Italian was at a loss to understand. "With me," he said, "it is at the precise moment of shooting—or just before."

Yet Lean admires Rossellini for a quality in his work which probably comes from this moment-of-creation method. "In his best films, you have the impression of something that's happened just the once—and a cameraman merely happened to be there to take it," he told an acquaintance. This does not, of course, mean that he fails to believe wholeheartedly in his own painstaking methods. After all, he came up in films through the ranks, and there is little about their making he does not know.

Born forty-four years ago of Quaker parents, Lean attended school at Reading. Not a brilliant scholar, he left in his teens to enter the office of his father, a chartered accountant. "I was fascinated by films," he recalls, "but it took me a long time to realize that one could actually work in them."

One day he returned from the office to find an aunt having tea with his mother. A forthright woman, his aunt said, "David, I've just seen your room. I don't see any accountancy magazines there—only film ones. Why don't you go in for what you like best?" Somehow, coming from an aunt, this made a fantastic suggestion seem plausible. He went next day to the Gaumont studios at Shepherd's Bush—now used by the B.B.C. for television—and was taken on for a month's probation without pay.

At the end of the month he was hired at fifteen shillings a week; his job was to hold out number boards before each sequence was filmed.

Soon he was promoted. In those days of silent films a star was usually photographed with her face in sharp focus and the rest of her in a mysterious haze. This was accomplished by covering the camera lens with a piece of gauze in which a strategic hole had been burned by the glowing tip of a cigarette. Lean's new job was to make the holes. He worked under a fabulously temperamental cameraman named Baron Ventimiglia.

One morning, after filming all night, Ventimiglia was, not unnaturally, in an edgy mood. When he placed one of Lean's gauzes over his lens, he found it not quite up to his sharpened demands. He called the young man to him and hauled him hotly over the coals. "And furthermore," he concluded, "you're sacked!"

Fortunately for British films, the Baron's volatile nature was well known to the Gaumont executives. One of them said to David, "Stick around, Lean. How about taking over as wardrobe mistress?" The young man agreed—anything to remain at the studios—but mentally resolved to switch jobs as soon as he could.

Talkies Gave Him A Break

Lean was still in the wardrobe department when the sudden advent of talkies sent the whole industry reeling. Gaumont decided to make *The Night Porter* in sound, to be directed by Sewell Collins, who has since died. In silent movies, directors always did their own cutting, but with a talkie Collins did not know how. Lean, anxious to leave the wardrobe, asked, "Mr. Collins, when you cut the picture may I come into the cutting room and watch?" Collins agreed. He arranged to allow a man to show him the secret of synchronizing sound with vision. Fortunately for Lean, Collins was not mechanically inclined, and the young man caught on to the process first. By the mid-thirties, Lean was earning about £75 a week—the highest-paid cutter in Britain.

In 1940, Lean helped Gabriel Pascal to make *Major Barbara*. One day Bernard Shaw visited the set. Lean recalls that they were filming an office scene with Robert Morley and Rex Harrison. Behind them, through a window, could be seen factory wheels revolving and smoke trailing skyward. Shaw took one look at this. "Stop!" he shouted. "Cut out all that background! The audience will never look at the actors with it there: they'll look at the wheels and the smoke." Lean realized at once that Shaw was right, and has been careful to eliminate similar distractions from his films since.

While working on *Major Barbara*, Lean met

Test pilot Michael Lithgow (left) gives David Lean and Ann Todd some hints for filming *The Sound Barrier*. Lean spent three months on research for this film

a cameraman named Ronald Neame. "We became very friendly," Neame recollects. "We both believed that the camera could force attention where you wanted to force it. We used the language common to both cutter and cameraman. We stimulated one another." Later, this friendship was to become an important one to British films.

At about this time, too, a producer named Fillipo del Giudice, with Anthony Havelock-Allan, invited Noël Coward to lunch at the Savoy. "Will you write a story for the screen for us?" Del Giudice asked Coward. The dramatist was not interested. A few days later, however, the then-Commodore Mountbatten returned from Crete and told Coward the story of a gallant destroyer named *Kelly*. This fired Coward's imagination. He phoned del Giudice.

"I'll do the film," he announced. "It's to be a story about destroyers. However, it must be agreed that I'll have the final say on everything." The condition was accepted.

Trio Became A Team

Coward, who had had until then very little to do with films, realized he would need expert help. Havelock-Allan was seconded to him as associate producer. Because Coward had seen *Major Barbara* and liked the photography, he asked for Neame as his cameraman. Then Havelock-Allan said to Coward, "I suggest you have David Lean to help you to direct. He's the best technical man in the business."

"Get him," Coward said.

The picture they made was *In Which We Serve*. "The first script Noël wrote would have taken several years to show on the screen," says Havelock-Allan. "David told him it was too long and he cut it. In the final script all the action and battle scenes on the destroyer were done by David. As you might expect, he had researched on gunnery, seamanship, and the rest until he knew exactly how a ship was run."

Lean watched Coward closely as he worked. "I owe a tremendous lot to him," he once told an interviewer. "He taught me more about directing actors than anyone else." One of the valuable lessons Lean picked up was that of "playing against the scene."

"If the actress in a scene cries in self-pity," Coward told him, "she'll be the only one to cry. The audience won't. If it's a sad bit, play it in bright sunshine, not in the rain. But if you have a lyrical love scene, try playing it under a dirty old railway arch."

Before the completion of *In Which We Serve*, Coward called Lean, Neame and Havelock-Allan together. "I don't want anybody but you three to make films of my plays," he said. "You can choose from them as you like. David, you direct. Tony, you produce. Ronnie, you be the cameraman."

Chooses His Own Subjects

The three formed a company they called Cineguild—which Lean still operates—and made *This Happy Breed*, *Blithe Spirit*, and *Brief Encounter*. Then, turning from Coward to Dickens, they filmed *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*. All this time the Cineguild threesome were employed by J. Arthur Rank. When *Great Expectations* was previewed in Hollywood, an excited executive there dashed off a cable asking how long Lean's contract with Rank had to run. In fact, Lean had no contract, but his one-word reply to the query was, "Forever." Rank had given him freedom to choose his own subjects and work in his own way.

Up to this time, Lean had directed many of Britain's film stars—Noël Coward, John Mills, Celia Johnson, Robert Newton, Stanley Holloway, and Rex Harrison among others. He had helped Trevor Howard, Jean Simmons and Alec Guinness on their way to screen glory—Howard by giving him his first film lead in *Brief Encounter*, Jean Simmons by playing her as the young Estella in *Great Expectations*, and Guinness by casting him as Herbert Pocket in the same film. Yet Lean gave Guinness his biggest break almost in spite of himself. The director was working on the preparatory stages of *Oliver Twist* when Alec rang him up. "Look, David," he said, "I want to play Fagin."

Since Guinness was not then known as a character actor, Lean replied: "But, Alec, you must be out of your mind! You're nothing like the part."

Guinness insisted. To put him off, Lean arranged for a test, feeling certain he would fail. Alec showed up in costume fully—and remarkably—made up. "The minute I saw him," Lean admitted later, "I knew he was right and I was wrong."

This picture was followed by Lean's twin failures, *Madeleine* and *The Passionate Friends*. It was during this period that he, Neame, and Havelock-Allan, a famous triumvirate by now, agreed to go their separate ways. Neame reported: "It became obvious that we had to break up or one of us would become a stooge—and it certainly wouldn't have been David."

After the team broke up, Lean decided to make a film of H. E. Bates's *The Cruise of The Breadwinner*. While preparations for this were being made, Lean went to Jamaica on holiday, his first in years. There he received a cable announcing that Rank had decided not to film the Bates story. No longer free to make his own decisions, Lean left Rank. He put his services on the open market and shortly afterwards accepted an offer from Sir Alexander Korda. It was for Korda that he made *The Sound Barrier*, a story which Lean had conceived in the first place specially for the film medium.

Indeed, Lean—conceded by the industry to have the most one-tracked mind in films—does not seek to conceal that he thinks of hardly anything except in terms of motion pictures and their making.

Film To Show The World

When on his holiday in Jamaica, for example, he found it hard to relax. It was strange being away from filming. Presently, he began to write a memorandum to himself which ended as an essay of sixteen typewritten pages. In it, he covered the history of the world from the days of primeval slime until its possible destruction by atom-mad mankind. Yet, somehow, he managed to relate lucidly all this with his own approach to films.

"I find myself almost hoping that flying saucers really are space ships from another world," he wrote in this memorandum, "a world which must of necessity be thousands of years in advance of us. Their declared presence might show us to ourselves in a true perspective and so unite us. . . . But this is fantasy written late at night and it is a hypothetical way of tackling the problem. Is it not just possible that a film might do this same thing? Show us what we really are. Show us in pictures. Enable us to *see* it clearly for the first time.

"Why not?" THE END

Making the second of the films for which Lean and his wife were criticized: a love scene for *Madeleine* is rehearsed by Ann Todd and Ivan Desny under Lean's watchful direction

WINDOM'S WAY

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Papaan was on the edge of violence: nothing could stop it now. Windom had a right to snatch a few hours' happiness with Lee; there might not be any more

DR. ALEC WINDOM had left his fashionable New York practice and his beautiful, pampered wife, Leonore, to manage a hospital in primitive Papaan. He found himself accepted as more than a doctor. To the natives of the South-East Asian village, he was almost a saint. "My doctor," they called him; and they meant "my teacher, my protector, my friend."

There was trouble brewing in Papaan. It was rubber country, strategically placed near Red China. The vast rubber estate was a foreign concern, managed by ruthless, efficient Schusterman. Schusterman's way of providing himself with a reliable, dependent labour force was to stop the coolies growing their own rice; to make them buy "imported" rice out of their wages.

Windom's sympathies were with the coolies. His head nurse, young and lovely Anna Vidal, had a family interest in the dispute. Her brother, Jan, was foreman of a work gang—and Jan hotly urged action. But Jan was not leader of the workers; the Gandhi-like Father Amyan was, and Father Amyan urged caution.

Schusterman ran Papaan. He ran the indolent, venal mayor, Dai Lollivar, and he ran Bilko, the brutal local police chief. When the coolies tried to organize a strike meeting he knew what to do; Bilko was called in. The strike had to be smashed.

It was to this situation that Windom's wife suddenly arrived. Windom loved her—he would never be able to do anything else—but he knew in his heart that a reconciliation would be difficult, perhaps impossible. Lee was only at home in New York society. Even loving him, she had never understood his ideals and ambitions. In the trying weeks before he left her, she had begun to drink heavily.

And now, after a brief telegram, she was here; she had pulled strings to get herself a lift in a military plane carrying American Colonel Hasbrook on a tour of inspection.

With a sudden movement, Anna bent and kissed his hand. Windom found himself deeply moved

PART 2

Jan Takes Refuge

BREAKFAST over, Windom drove Colonel Hasbrook to the landing field. The pilot had arrived only a few moments before them, and while he warmed up the plane's engine the two men waited in the jeep in the shade of the trees.

"It shouldn't take more than an hour to Jagila," said Windom.

"The quicker the better," the colonel said. "I'm afraid the rest of my tour's going to be a bit of a let-down."

"It was damn good of you to bring my wife up."

"I could do with a few more assignments as tough as that. I hope you won't mind, Doctor, if I say that Mrs. W. is a very attractive woman."

Windom smiled. "I don't take it as an offence. Where do you go after Jagila?"

"Ramdang, Thetka, Kailipon. All garrison towns, up near where the Reds are operating. Then back to the capital about the end of the week. . . . Anything I can do for you there?"

"I don't think so, thanks."

"Apart from the X-ray, I mean. Don't worry, I'm going all out for you on that."

"I can't tell you how——"

The colonel raised a big hand. "A pleasure, Doctor. Of course, it may take a little while—you know how things move through those good old channels—but we'll see you get it, don't worry. Hell, it's like I was saying to you yesterday. The sort of work you're doing here is better propaganda than all the loans and V.I.P. delegations and radio programmes put together."

"I'd never exactly thought of my work as——"

"You may not have thought of it, but that's just what it is."

HASBROOK lowered his voice. "Look, Doc," he said, "let's face it: what's the U.S. doing out here anyhow? Not having any love affair, I can tell you that. These inspection trips I make, for instance. Seeing what they need. Getting them guns and trucks. Half of them would just as lief use the guns on us as on anyone else. They've got no use for us—never have had, never will—and the only use we've got for them is that they hold the line against the Reds. As long as we've got to do that, we need them—whether we like it or not. And because we need them"—the colonel tapped with his finger on Windom's knee—"we've got to make them need us. You're doing as important a job keeping the gooks healthy and making them like it

as any of the rest of us are teaching them to fly or shoot."

The plane gave a final warm-up roar, and the pilot gestured from the window.

"Well, Doc, it's been a real pleasure," said Hasbrook.

He got out of the jeep, shook hands and walked over and climbed into the plane. Within two minutes it had taxied off, turned, made its take-off run and disappeared over the trees to the west.

Windom drove back towards the hospital. There were the usual plodding ox-carts and staring children along the road, and the usual women doing their washing in the shallows of the river; but as soon as he came to the village he realized that something out of the ordinary was going on. The main street was all but empty. Most of the house and shop doors were closed. Here and there he saw small groups of men gathered in yards and alleys, but they were deep in talk and showed no awareness of him as he passed. A block from the hospital another car swerved around a corner and raced past him, and he saw that there were two policemen in it —with rifles.

Entering the hospital compound, he parked the jeep and was going towards his bungalow, when Anna Vidal appeared on the steps of the main building and came quickly across to him.

"My doctor," she said, "I am so glad you have come."

He looked at her sharply. "What is it, Anna?"

"Jan is here."

"In the hospital?"

"Yes."

"What's happened to him?"

"Nothing has happened. That is, he has not been hurt. But he is in trouble. There is trouble everywhere. I have put him in your office and told him he should wait for you."

WINDOM followed her across the compound and into the hospital. The dispensary, on the right of the entrance, was empty, but when he opened the door on the left Jan Vidal rose to meet him.

"I must speak to you, my doctor," he said tensely.

Windom looked him up and down and saw no sign of injury. Then he went around behind his desk and sat down. "Well, let's have it."

"Father Amyan has been arrested," said Jan.

"Oh?"

"About an hour ago. I was on my way to his house, when some men stopped me and said the police had just come and taken him away. They said they were also looking for me. But I went through the back streets and came here."

"It's about the strike?" asked Windom.

"Yes, about the strike. And the meeting."

"What meeting?"

"One that we had called for this morning."

Jan's eyes kept moving restlessly to the window. Anna, who had come in with the doctor, stood silently in a corner.

"Sit down, Jan," said Windom.

"But any minute now they may——"

"Sit down. They won't bother you here."

Jan sat down, and for a moment Windom looked at him without speaking. Then he asked quietly: "What do you expect me to do?"

"I am sorry to bother you with this, my doctor," said Jan. "Truly I am. But I have come to ask your advice, because I do not know where else to go."

"Have you talked to Lollivar?"

"Lollivar!" Jan blew out air between his lips. "And what would be the good of that?"

"He's the mayor, after all."

"Yes, the mayor. And also something besides. Also a merchant whose biggest customer is the plantation, and he would sooner stand up against the prime minister of the country than against this Schusterman, who buys from him."

Jan paused, then went on earnestly. "No, my

As she flung off her clothes to swim, Lee was like a carefree child. He smiled at her, enchanted

HE RODE WITH THE COSSACKS

Another exciting "ESCAPE-OR DIE" adventure in John Bull next week

FROM *Escape—or Die,* Paul Brickhill's best-selling book of the exploits of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, JOHN BULL starts publication of the adventures of a sergeant who fled from Germany—*the wrong way*. He met a Red Army Cossack division, and joined them in a thrilling cavalry charge to freedom.

---

doctor," he said. "There is only you I can come to. It is not that I am afraid of being arrested; but in jail I could be of no use. Soon it would all be over, finished, hopeless."

"And if you're not in jail?"

Jan's eyes flashed. "Then we can win," he said. "If we are all together—working together—we can win. The meeting this morning: no, that is no longer possible. Schusterman and Bilko have seen to that. But that is not important; there can be other meetings, in other places. The important thing is that the men are not forced back to work. That the strike goes on."

He leaned forward, his brown hands gripping the edge of Windom's desk. "I know what it is that you fear: that there will be violence and bloodshed. But there will not be, I promise you. Not from us. What happened at the plantation the other day, when the three men were beaten—that was not our fault. We were promised that we could have a meeting, and when we met, the police came with their clubs. Father Amyan is a man who will have nothing to do with violence. He is a man of peace and humanity. And the rest of us, we are not criminals, not bandits, but only poor men trying to find a decent life. That is the truth, my doctor. You know it is the truth."

WINDOM studied the young man before him for a few moments. In his rough trousers and soiled singlet he looked no different from any other simple plantation labourer. He was not educated as his sister Anna was educated, and his speech had none of the refinement which she had acquired during her two years in the outer world. But it was not a lout or a hooligan at whom Windom was looking. It was a man thinking deeply and feeling deeply.

"Yes, Jan," he said. "I know it's the truth."

"What can we do, then?"

"Go on with the strike."

Jan said nothing, but his eyes were fixed on the doctor's face, and his grip on the desk tightened until the knuckles showed white.

Windom stood up and started for the door. "As for yourself, I think you'd better stay here in the hospital for the time being. Suppose we say"—he smiled—"for observation."

Jan seemed about to speak, but no words came. Anna, however, who, while the two men talked, had remained silently in the corner, now came quickly forward. With a sudden movement, before Windom could stop her, she bent and kissed his hand. Windom found himself deeply moved.

It was almost noon before he returned to the office after a strenuous morning with his patients. He found Dai Lollivar sitting there.

"I have been waiting an hour to speak to you," said the mayor. "It has been a most difficult morning."

"What's happening now?"

"Everything is happening. Amyan is in jail. The people threaten to riot. The police threaten to shoot."

Windom had remained by the door. "I'm going out to the plantation," he said. "I want to see Schusterman."

"That is not necessary. Schusterman is in the village with Bilko, and they are coming here."

"To the hospital?"

"They have heard that Jan Vidal is here."

Windom crossed the room and sat down at his desk. Lollivar sat opposite him and dabbed at his face with his handkerchief.

"That is why I am here," he said. "I am a man of peace. Of law and order, you understand? All I wish is that there will be no trouble. I am mayor of the village—yes—but I am also a man of business, and when there is trouble of this sort it is terrible for business." He raised a hand quickly. "Not that it is myself I think of, of course. It is the people, the rubber, the welfare of the valley."

"There seems to be some difference of opinion about its welfare."

"Yes, exactly. There is difference of opinion. There are anger and threats. You and I, my doctor—" Lollivar leaned forward confidentially "—we are men of the world. We understand that there are two sides to a question and wish only that there be no trouble. That is what I say to Schusterman and——"

"About their arresting Amyan——" Windom interrupted. "What's your position on that?"

"Position?"

"What did you say to the plantation workers?"

"I say to them that it is most unfortunate. That we shall see what can be done."

"And to Schusterman?"

Lollivar spread his hands. "With Mr. Schusterman it is of course difficult. He is a most determined man, you understand. Most—ah—inflexible, and one must proceed with tact."

"Meaning you didn't say anything to him."

"But of course I say something to him. I say that it is a difficult situation. That Amyan is perhaps a dangerous man, but popular with the people. That it is unfortunate and——"

He looked up in relief as a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," said Windom.

The boy Kosti appeared.

"The lady, she asks I say to you that lunch is ready, my doctor."

"Tell her I'll be right over," said Windom.

"And also, my doctor, Mamarta Vidal is outside. She says that she must see you about——"

BEFORE the boy could get any further, another figure, no taller than he, appeared in the doorway beside him. "My son——" demanded the old woman. "He is here? He is not hurt?"

"No," said Windom, "he's all right."

"Praise be to the Virgin and——" The old woman stopped, noticing Lollivar for the first time. Then her watery eyes flashed and she came farther into the room. "Ha, I thought it was a man who sits there," she said. "But it is not. It is only the stuffed pig who calls himself the mayor."

Lollivar made as if to rise, but Mamarta had planted herself directly in front of him. Windom had half risen. Then Anna Vidal hurried in.

"Mother!" she said sharply.

"Be quiet," the old woman told her. "I am busy."

Anna took her arm. "It is the doctor who is busy, Mother. You must not disturb him like this."

"I am not. It is this fat-guts here——"

She turned on Lollivar again, but Anna held her back. "It is the doctor's office, Mother," she said, "and he has much to do this morning. Come, we will see Jan. He is all right. We will talk to him."

She led Mamarta towards the door. But before they reached it another figure appeared.

"I am not intruding, I hope," said Schusterman.

Before Windom could answer, the old woman had redirected her barrage. "You have come for my son, hey? Well, you will not get him. The doctor will not let you. The whole village will not let you."

Anna pulled her gently towards the door. Schusterman stepped aside, ignoring her, and behind him was revealed the squat figure of Bilko.

"Ah," said the old woman.

But this time that was all she said. Puckering her seamed cheeks, she spat a gobbet of betel juice on the floor at the policeman's feet. Then, shaking off her daughter's hand, she marched from the room.

Windom said nothing.

ANNA and Kosti followed her out and closed the door. Lollivar had retreated to the window and was again busy with his handkerchief. Schusterman crossed to the chair he had vacated and sat down opposite Windom, while Bilko moved up behind him.

"You appear to be having a busy morning, Doctor," said the plantation manager.

"So does the whole village," Windom said.

"Sergeant Bilko and I will not keep you long, however," Schusterman said. "We have merely come for Jan Vidal. He is here, is he not?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Will you please call him in?"

"I'm not sure yet." Windom rubbed his jaw meditatively. "First there are a few things that I think we should discuss."

"Yes? What things, Doctor?"

"You are here to arrest Vidal, is that right?"

"That is right."

"Why?"

"Why? Good God, man, you know why. You know what has been going on."

"What law has he broken?"

"Let us not quibble, Doctor. This is a question of keeping the peace. Of preventing riots and bloodshed."

"I haven't noticed the strikers doing any rioting or blood-shedding. The only injured people who have been brought in here were——"

"I repeat," said Schusterman, "let us not quibble. There has been a breach of the peace. There has been stoppage of work and threats of violence. And the police must take such steps as they deem necessary."

"Or as *you* deem necessary?"

"I—the police—it is the same thing."

"Oh, I see. They take their orders from you."

"I did not say——"

Windom looked at Bilko. "Whom do you take your orders from?" he asked

The sergeant did not answer.

"From the mayor, isn't that right?"

"From the mayor, yes—in local matters. And for more important things, from my superiors."

"You haven't had any orders from your superiors about this, have you?"

Again Bilko did not answer.

"Have you?"

"No," said Bilko.

"Or from the mayor?" Windom turned to Lollivar. "What orders have *you* given?"

Lollivar swallowed. He looked from Windom to Schusterman and back again to Windom. He reached for his handkerchief, changed his mind, and brought out a cigarette instead.

Schusterman jumped to his feet. "It is

Continued on page 35

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In the Fire Research Station at Boreham Wood, Leslie Hird (holding stopwatch) finds out how quickly fire will spread between buildings

Tracking down the queer fires

by RONALD CLARK

A bathroom door-handle or a drop of sweat can start fires that cost Britain five hundred lives and twenty million pounds a year

LATE ONE NIGHT a middle-aged woman was smoking in bed while she was reading. She flicked the ash into what she absent-mindedly thought was an ash-tray on a bedside table, and finally stubbed out her cigarette before turning off the light. A few seconds later there was a puff of flame. The sheets caught fire, the curtains followed, and in spite of all efforts one more fire was soon well under way. The "ash-tray" had been her dentures, which happened to be made of an inflammable plastic.

This strange fire was, however, no real surprise to W. H. Tuckey, director of the Fire Protection Association, which gives free advice to anyone who asks for it. He is used to hearing of queer causes. "Fire," he says, "is now a national problem, and it's our job to stop what we can of it."

About 500 deaths are caused every year by fires, which cost £20,000,000. And there are some 70,000 fires annually which have to be attended by fire brigades.

Tuckey estimates that of the 43,000 fires which took place in buildings last year, 35,000 could have been avoided. One cause alone—heat or sparks from grates or lights—caused 9,000 fires; cigarettes and pipes started another 3,600, and matches accounted for 2,800. Not all of those reported to Tuckey are as simple as these, however. "You'd never think in a month of Sundays how some of them start," he says.

There was the case of the plastic bathroom door-handle which acted like a bottle that starts a heath-fire; by concentrating the sun's rays, the handle focused them on a bath-robe that blazed up and in turn set light to the door. There was the even queerer case in a provincial town where a big store had a number of scent-bottles on show. On a hot summer's day the heat from the sun burst one of the bottles and the scent fumes drifted upwards. At dusk, fluorescent strip-lighting was switched on—and a fire was soon blazing in the show-case. One of the strip contacts was faulty, and the sparks had ignited the fumes.

The glass of a respirator face-piece started a £40,000 rubber fire at a factory in Mitcham, Surrey. Most curious of all industrial fires, one was started by a drop of sweat—it fell from the face of a worker on to sodium, developed heat through chemical reactions and set fire to nearby methylated ether.

Analysing the causes of such fires, and deciding how others like them can be prevented, is one of the main tasks of Tuckey and his staff of twenty-five. "The Fire Protection Association was thought of during the early years of the war. Before the war, the mere fact that insurance companies always paid up took much of the sting out of fires.

"During the war, however, people concerned with the results of fires in Britain got together and did some thinking. After the war, they reckoned, it would not merely be a case of the insurance companies footing the bill. There would be shortages of labour, shortages of materials, and a great call for exports which would be hampered by industrial fires."

The country, they realized, must do something to get the knowledge of fire protection to everyone who needed it. The F.P.A., officially started in 1947, was the answer.

Today, the Association has 1,800 associate members, most of them large firms, factories, or business organizations, who each pay a minimum of a guinea a year for the up-to-the-minute information on all fire protection matters which they receive. Governed by a council on which sit men appointed by Government Departments, the Federation of British Industries, and the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the F.P.A. has as its first object the advancement of "the science of fire protection." Into Tuckey's City office there comes a regular flow of information from fire brigades and fire research organizations in Britain and overseas.

Yard-stick Of Danger

Tuckey went into the fire business when he came out of the Army in 1919. He joined the Fire Offices' Committee to specialize in the technical side of fire-prevention. He looks back to what was a primitive era of fire-fighting judged by modern standards.

"It was only in 1932 that we were given a yard-stick of any sort. That year the British Standards Institution graded scientifically the

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fire-resistant quality of materials in various structures.

Tuckey has no use for the word "fire-proof." Even brick and steel are not really fire-proof, as he can prove with a series of on-the-fire pictures; they merely have certain fire-resisting qualities. "The British Standard lays down facts and figures, so that once a material has been tested—not in the laboratory but under working conditions—its fire-resisting qualities can be accurately assessed."

Probing The Causes

A snag in the early days when the British Standard was laid down was that there was nowhere to make the tests. So the Fire Research Station was set up at Boreham Wood under Tuckey's control. Since 1947 it has been jointly run by the committee and the Government's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

"One of the first things to be tested at Boreham Wood was a steel pillar then in common use in 'fire-proof' factories." The pillar was set up with a normal load on top of it, and normal working conditions simulated round it. Then, with the experts waiting to record exactly what happened, a real fire was started. "That pillar lasted exactly eleven minutes."

When an engineer visiting the station described a fire he had seen three days previously, he added that nobody knew how it had started. It was only a few miles away, and had begun in the rubber-spreading section of a factory. Tuckey asked what time the blaze had started, and was told that it was about noon.

"Working just on an idea, I had the records sent for, which showed the barometric pressure and the moisture content of the air for that day. Normally it is round about the figure of sixty-nine, but three mornings previously it had begun to sink; by mid-day it was down to the exceptional figure of forty, and after that it began to rise again."

Here was a clue which was followed up. Investigations were made and experiments carried out. It was found that if the moisture in the air dropped below a certain point, one particular process in the rubber-spreading section was likely to start a fire.

Under the direction of S. H. Clarke, a brisk scientist who came to the station from the D.S.I.R.'s Forest Products Research organization twelve years ago, the station carries out a whole series of experiments affecting everyday life.

"One result," says Clarke, "is that you can live in a postwar non-conventional house of the prefab type with just as little danger from fire as if you were in a prewar house. We also carry out tests on building materials and furnishings that affect one's personal life-risk every time one goes into a cinema, a school, a hospital or a theatre."

Danger of fire from television sets—considerably less in sets being made now than in sets of four years ago—and fires caused by sparks from trains, are two of the problems which Clarke and his staff of seventy have tackled recently.

One queer thing was discovered about fires started by sparks from trains: one day would produce a whole crop of them compared with the figures for the rest of the week.

Now it has been discovered that if, between mid-May and mid-September, there is a relative humidity at 3 p.m. of forty-eight per cent or less, the danger-period for "engine-fires" is approaching. Only a rainfall of six millimetres in three consecutive days, or less, will end it.

There was a spate of fire queries recently from dry-cleaners. They found that for no apparent reason they were getting fires when they were cleaning women's dresses.

The cause turned out to be the rubber shoulder-pads. "Certain forms of rubber started fires when they were treated with cleaning materials in a particular way. Now we're going into the matter with the manufacturers."

There was also the case of the vintner who wanted to know if wine could be used for fire-fighting. "We told him that there was no harm if the alcoholic content was low enough. But it seemed an awful waste to us."

Inquiries are apt to come in runs. "If there's a bad fire in which a thatched cottage has been burned down, we're bound to get flooded out by requests from people who want to know how they can protect *theirs*. The only thing that can be done is to paint the thatch with some fire-resistant substance, but so far we haven't got the ideal one that doesn't wash off with the rain."

Hazards Everywhere

Despite his great experience of queer fires—one car fire was started by the jolting of a box of toy pistol caps—Tuckey still hears of new causes.

"Recently, we were asked down to a big food warehouse fire that had been caught in time. A blaze had started in one corner of the factory, and this had melted a part of the imitation glass roof. The melted roof had run down and started a second fire farther along. This in turn had melted another piece of roof—and so on until there were four separate fires burning. No wonder it spread so quickly."

Though some new materials increase fire risks, others drastically lessen them. "Nylon is on our side. It melts, but it doesn't burn, and that alone should save a good many lives in the home."

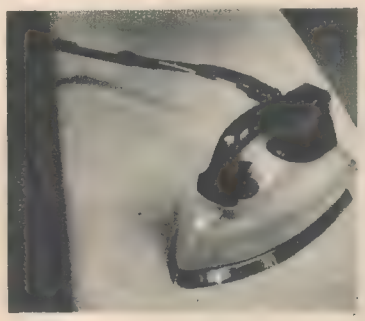
It is in the home, where party frocks, evening dresses and night clothes flame up with tragic speed, that fire dangers are high. Nearly half of the fires attended by brigades take place in houses or flats.

"Quite a lot," says Tuckey, "could be prevented simply by fitting a guard to the fire." THE END

"There's quite a bit of truth in what you've said. And now . . . good night"

TAKE MY TIP

I PREVENT the lead of my electric iron from dragging on the clothes and rucking them up by fastening a knitting needle tightly to the *outside* of the cord protector sleeve with insulating tape. I attach the flex (which must not be frayed) to the needle with more insulating tape, which holds it away from the ironing board.—Mrs. F. E. Riley, London, W.12.



JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A RAY OF DARKNESS

Continued from page 9

take me only so far and must return me, as surely as a policeman, to the home I feared.

I looked, however, very quietly; and at that moment the busy dizziness began. The watch wheel went round and round at the base of my brain, and as I turned and walked quite steadily away, I had the sensation of something left behind by the bramble bushes. I think that that time I staggered as the silence came and the two "images" fused. Anyway I was cold and grieved and hurried home.

The next time the same thing happened as I peered into what had once been the Cathedral, it was summer. And if, which seems hardly possible, the resurrection of that dreary pain felt by a child, could have helped to cause the spasm of the brain, certainly the possibility was ruled out on the second occasion. For I had often been there since and had stopped remembering *as a feeling* what had happened to me there. I simply knew it as one knows the facts of anybody else's life: it was no longer as vivid as the place to me.

That summer of 1949 a wonderful thing happened to me, which helped me immensely in every way. I was awarded a literary holiday. A sum of money anonymously given to not well-known authors, usually younger than myself, was declared to be mine for that year.

There were no conditions, except that the money was to be spent out of England and that the donor was to remain unknown to the receiver. The news of this came on Good Friday. I was stunned with delight, for mine has not been, financially, a rewarding career, and the thought of a holiday abroad was something which made me absolutely shake with joy. It was years since I had left England. I was at once so grateful, so mystified and so astonished that it was as if I had known this holiday was to be fitted in, as it were, at the end, or almost the end, of "normal" health.

All Symptoms Vanished

We went to Ireland, my husband and myself. A journal which I kept was not for ourselves but for my benefactor, and I later sent it through the secret channels which reached this extraordinarily alive and humane heart. The unknown personality who had given me such pleasure went with me wherever I went, to the sea, to the hills, to the mystic ruins of tall towers, to the old libraries and the beauties of Dublin. So I had no record of our journeyings, which in any case would be out of place here.

All that matters to this narrative is the disappearance, during the time we were away, of every sign of any ailment. The headaches, the sloping giddiness, the dizzy attacks, the depressions which paid for the exaltations of being, all disappeared. Mentally I was as clear as the country unspoiled by traffic, as calm as the long, long roads where sheep and cattle and donkeys took the place of ghastly speed and hideous shapes. And again it was pictures of natural things I took back in my mind—the dark colour and the natural feeling of arbutus leaves touched on the West Coast, the Atlantic waves weaving seaweed with waxy foam, the heather on top of a high hill swung by bees like a breeze. These were my cure. The brain, knowing before it tells of its malady, seeks for the cure. And mine, as it always had, went its country way.

Excitement Gripped Me

How far my financial failures as a writer contributed to the worry of living and bore perhaps indirectly but too heavily on a thin spot in my mentality—how much worry can contribute towards a physical explosion, I am not in a position to know. But I should think, in my own case, not a lot. I think that I, myself, built up the affliction within me, but that its climax was inevitable because I am myself. It did not arrive yet.

There were other preliminaries to the voyage to be gone through. As soon as I arrived in England—which seemed very suffocating and crowded—the headaches, the dizzy spells and the true symptoms of epilepsy in minor form began again, together with the humid, intangible excitement which never allowed me to spend myself long on anything except writing.

That, as usual, I did at night. But there were no pines now to hear in the shadow of the wind. Only the clocks of a city in hourly converse, and the cathedral chimes. I was living in Gloucester with my sister-in-law, and my husband had begun his two years at a teaching college.

I look back on that period as one of comparative peace, ease and freedom. As the winter came on, I decided that, as there was no longer any sale at all for my short prose pieces, and I was not yet ripe enough to attempt my final novel (never written) or the book on Emily Brontë, on whom I had written an essay which would bear expansion, what I needed to keep my mental powers warm was some good, hard intellectual effort.

I chose the sonnet, and to read the Psalms. I did not write one good sonnet; yet by ceaseless and very late effort—it was nearly always three before I went to bed to read a Psalm—my later efforts flowed; but they were very bad. And my diaries, which have always been my temptations, flowed, too, in streams of impressions.

The sense of hurry, which was like a heart beating in my head, grew so bad that I wondered nobody noticed it. Here is a significant short note in one diary:

November 23: "I'm feeling very low in health. Haven't any *continuation*. Everything is disconnected from me

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and from everything else. Existence is just an ache in the head."

And then I wrote a little afterwards:

"I love the dogs. Their feet are my companions and the pleasure they get out of wayside things amuses me and makes me forget my own *lack of vitality*."

Lack of vitality! I, who a few years ago had hoed beet with the men, kept house in a cottage, gardened and written *Autobiography*. Truly it was coming nearer, this affliction, this darkness which is so hard to read.

My sister-in-law found us a cottage in the country and I longed for it, but one day when no one was in the room I looked in the mirror and saw that my face was too old to begin again. And whenever I met our landlord-to-be I used to ask him, half in dread, half in yearning, how long it would be before it was ready.

Dream Which Recurred

I was now at the beginning of a spell of nightmares. It wasn't pleasant to wake from a sort of D.T.s of things partly seen, in a room alone at the top of the old house. There was one repeated dream which, I think, began during the autumn and winter of 1949-50. It may have started before.

It was not, I am sure, a dream, but a sensation in sleep—in short, a fit during sleep, not so slight as my dizzy double consciousness, which came when I stooped, and not so severe as a major epileptic fit. I could not have gone quite out, or there would have been no mind to record the memory, no bodily sensation to experience it. I did and I do remember what I then thought was this particularly queer, unpleasant dream every time I had it. And I do not care to think how often that was.

I seemed to remember a time in the night when my muscles had gone rigid, my teeth locked, and I was shaken by a kind of ghastly iron palsy. My arms seemed to lift, my head to jerk and my face to be covered with a grimace. Most strange of all, I always related this experience not to myself but to my sister, who has assuredly never had a fit in her life, and whom it is not possible I could ever have seen as I have a mental picture of her, distorted, in that attitude of tense agony which it is so hard for many people to believe is unconscious and painless.

Never could I have seen my sister like this: and yet the sight haunts me. Indeed, I have never seen a complete epileptic fit in my life except in dogs: when I questioned my husband about my attitudes and gestures during one, they did not at all resemble this extraordinary and horrible vision. So that it would appear that my mind is not only obstinately determined to see my sister as myself, but to see her incorrectly. This seems really mysterious and inexplicable to me.

Beginning Of Epilepsy

I consider that, with this "dream" of rigid shaking, my state as a person subject to major epileptic fits really began. I think so now: I did not then. I did not consider myself in any way abnormal or different from anyone else. How should I? My periods of unhappiness seemed less profound and more controllable than many of the people I knew who are sound today. I was often unhappy, overexcited, restless and disappointed, so that I could not drive myself out of myself to write my novel.

Many of the notes I wrote that winter are burned, for there were account books, exercise books and scribbling blocks crowded with poems and writing, as my brain was crowded with impressions. These note-books were my vent, but they exhausted me and wasted my night hours, and made impossible any objective writing whatever. The ceaseless interestingness of natural life continued for me, but now it excited rather than soothed me. Even the quietest of sights on my walks outside and around the town, even the most well-known and well-trodden of them, stimulated my already overactive mental existence.

Nothing seemed too ordinary. The commonplace grass of the towpath would hold my attention like a curiosity. The jackdaws flapping round the cathedral tower, the sight of a solitary wild duck on the marshy meres among the rushes, became pageants to be caught in words, words, and more words. I think I came to realize this because my writing had always been so sparing of itself that I had had to search for it, whereas now it flooded everything. The room was full of papers; a turmoil of them covered chairs and chest and floor.

To revert from my conscious mental activity to my unconscious, the bad dreams lasted only a short while. The phase may have been as long as a week or a little longer. Their effect was small. It was only to make me grip the more hard to anything of the earth within reach.

One day, in March, 1950, the cottage was ready for occupation and I left my sister-in-law's in Gloucester to begin to live there. My husband, who was on his first year's teaching course at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, was to come home at weekends only. For the village was six miles from Cheltenham and was at the top of a very long and exhausting hill—a steep three-quarters of a mile.

The village stood nearly a thousand feet high and was really small, without shop or pub. There was one charming woman who sold salt, flour and sweets from a cupboard off her back kitchen; and a post office in a garden full of snowdrops, both of which were a delight to visit. All food and other supplies were delivered from the towns. Milk was fetched from the one farm at half past four every afternoon. The water was recently acquired: the lighting was by paraffin lamps, the countryside was bare and beautiful and grew many quite rare wild flowers.

As Thoreau refused to have a doormat because it would draw other domestic elaborations after it, we kept out of range of radio. I hate machinery and fear electricity. Relaxing when the strange, harried excitement of my mind would let me, into the sight of fields, trees and animals, I was happy. We tore up the matted garden and planted it with flowers and vegetables. I found the spring, for we had no fresh water, and until my neighbours up the road gave me permission to use theirs, carried the buckets full of clear, liquid ice a quarter of a mile and up a steep grass bank. We used oil lamps. It was a hard, rough, tiring life, but to us it was life, and not served up stale on a tepid plate like a town meal.

Writing In Despair

Weariness brings misery, and I was most miserable sometimes. My joy, my hope, my belief were out of breath: the gardening and the cleaning seemed to take all the time, and only late at night when tired and worn out was I free to write. I remember the envy I felt towards the Brontë sisters, and the life which allowed them someone to cook for them, and freedom to walk and to write. It was as passionate as if they were living women, and my neighbours. People thought them tragic, spoke and wrote of their unhappy lives, when they had all that *I* wanted of this world. How I hated them!

Bitterness and envy joined me and I suffered from a sense of being wronged and deprived, or, as they would say now, frustrated. Still I went on at night by lamplight with my despairing notes that could never achieve the beauty of that place, with my sonnets and my unwanted poems.

When my husband was home at the weekends, how we worked! We sorted, burned rubbish, planted, dug. The garden showed how rich it was by the strength and pugnaciousness of its weeds: the old cracked soil that dried to something like flagstones in a single day's sunlight was bound and netted by buttercups, which grew while we tried to squeeze into the four-roomed cottage, which was crammed with furniture too big for it, and too many books for it to digest. Slowly, laboriously, we dusted, polished, planted. The result was the prettiest little cottage we ever lived in and one of the most feeding gardens.

It was called The Black House, for it was tarred outside. Some minute muslin curtains were made for the windows, the geraniums were set in them, the old black flagstones were polished, the coppers shone in the light of the kitchen fire. The whole inside was painted a clear yellow, including the charming little old staircase.

It had a parlour like a nut. There were four rooms, an outdoor lavatory, a lean-to wash-house with an earth floor, and a pigscot. At the gateway stood an immensely tall pine. All its branches went up in the air except one, which it held stiffly out over the roof, in a commanding gesture. There were two ash trees of very interesting shapes in the field behind. I was always trying to draw them.

My First Major Fit

As I write it seems to me that I have only just gone to live there, not been *and* gone. And when we saw it as we did after we had left it, we could not take in the fact that it was no longer home. So many storms, mists and blizzards did it shelter us from.

For the air up there, though very pure, used to get involved with the clouds. At a thousand feet this will happen, particularly in winter. And it was never still. On the hottest day you could feel a little frill of breeze under your chin like a beard, and your hair alive.

Spring came, and poured over us such flowers, such flowering trees in wood and hedges. The may, the wayfaring tree, for the lanes; for the gardens, the forsythia that shows so well against grey stone.

It was the night of May 11. How distinctly I remember it! Our cottage stood by itself, at the side of the lane, about a couple of hundred yards from our nearest neighbours and friends, who used to give us water, and were, before and after my first attack, so consistently calm, kind and humane. The night was quiet and dark. I went to the door and looked out once or twice. It was about eleven o'clock when I put down my pen, feeling suddenly tired and saying to myself that I could do no more that night, so I would make some tea and go to bed.

I made the tea, looked up at the clock—a strange chance—and saw that it was ten minutes past eleven. The next thing I was still looking up at the clock and the hands stood at five and twenty minutes past midnight. I had fallen through Time, Continuity and Being.

My first thought was not that the clock had gone wrong, but that I had been asleep. I was lying on the floor, my head against the rungs of a rocking chair and my body, full length, crowded between the steel fender and the little table at which I had been writing. The lamp, a tall brass one, on a very slender base, was burning steadily on the table. Always cold when sitting still, I had made up a large fire to work by, and this was burning hotly in the open fireplace with wood and coal ablaze. It was not until much later, appalled and shaken, that I realized how dangerously I had been placed, unconscious, certainly in convulsions, in a locked cottage alone with my dog at midnight and a quarter of a mile from the village.

Miraculous Escape

The space in which I was lying was perhaps a yard wide. My sleeve was charred by an ember, but this was all. Had some special agent of preservation laid me down between lamp and fire, it could not have been more dexterously done. When despairing, I have often recalled this to myself. My head was turned so that my opening eyes could not do otherwise than see the clock face. After a fit, the one unforgettable sight is the first thing one sees *consciously*. And this little green enamel alarm clock, our only timepiece, given to us ten years before for

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

CHARTERHOUSE IN MY TIME was a school given over to admiration of athletics. As I was a good deal cleverer with my head at classics and mathematics than with my feet at football, I suffered in due course the embarrassment of becoming first a monitor, and then head of the school, without feeling myself fit for such responsibilities. For I shared all the school admiration for athletics and was delighted when I got so far as to play football for my house.

Two somewhat unusual things that happened to me at Charterhouse stick in my memory.

The first arose out of a decision to photograph the school as a whole. A temporary wooden stand was erected in Founder's Court and the 600 boys were told to assemble themselves on it at a stated hour. For some good or bad reason of my own, I got to the stand at the very last moment and could only just squeeze in on the lowest tier.

As I sat down, we all heard an ominous crack, and then another crack. I am told that I observed to my neighbour: "It seems to be time to be going"—and I went.

From a safe distance I looked back and saw the whole stand collapsing, with the good boys who had come early and taken seats on the top tier being catapulted over the heads of all the rest. And I heard, not a cry, but a groan of surprise from the six hundred. Fortunately no one was really badly hurt. The event earned us headlines in the Press: "Brave Boys at Charterhouse."

The second bright episode of my time at school arose through the Naval Review of 1897. Our housemaster, Mr. Girdlestone (universally known from his gait as "Duck"), was a man of means who gave the boys in his house many special things—a tennis court and cricket ground of their own and, for the Naval Review, an expedition for some twenty of us to see it in a private launch hired for the occasion.

I hope that the sight of Britain's naval might at Portsmouth impressed me. But this is only a hope now. My strongest actual memory of that day is of being regaled continuously on the launch with *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches and champagne.

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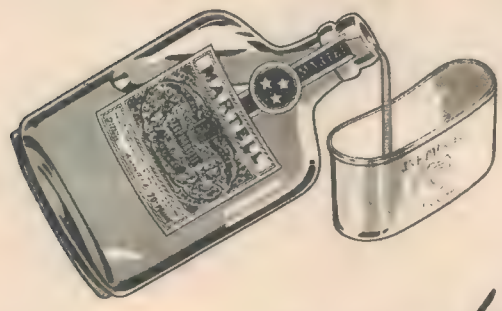

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a wedding present, whose heart had ticked through so many solitary nights and evenings all through the war, became at once more than it had ever been, a memory and a reality. It frightened me for a moment, but only as the face of a friend who tells incomprehensible news. I simply stared at it.

Then, slowly, mind and body began to try to come together and to work out a scheme for movement. It was the most difficult feat I have ever attempted, for *nothing* physical or mental was in unison, nor were they ready to fuse and to act for one body.

I must have turned my head, for the next things I saw were my dog's beautiful yellow eyes. They were fixed on me and she was lying in her basket. She looked calm; but as she saw me move, she relaxed her gaze and got up.

It seems peculiar that I should have accepted the fact of lying there on the floor, for in those times I never slept suddenly, neither would I have lain down so close to the flames. But I did. Any idea, however ready made, seemed fit for me then. After a few moments with eyes open, lying still, I began to feel very ill, sick and faint. I can remember my mind beginning to work, for it told me I must be ill and must go to bed.

Then came an extraordinary blank. I had reached the idea, the image, of bed, but where *was* bed? The next mental process is terribly difficult to describe, for, as after all my bad fits, the brain held and let go, held and let go, a confused mass of atmosphere and memory. It worked, but like an engine misfiring, and unsteered. The idea of going to bed brought an extraordinarily vivid impression of our childhood's room where I had slept with my sister, gone these many years. I saw the blue distempered walls, the tallboy. This floated in my head and vanished, to be followed by every room I had ever slept in, *except the present one.*

Sight That Roused Me

Going to bed, and not knowing where to go, raised a much more acute question—*who was I?* I seemed to think this over, but in a casual sort of way, even with a certain amusement. Another image was bobbing up and down in me, and again it was amazingly solid, was seen and then snatched away and then seen again as though held up in the air before me, as, I have since imagined, religious maniacs behold their sins. It was a jug, a blue-banded, quart milk jug.

The jug roused me, for into it we always poured our can of afternoon's milk, and I remembered that I hadn't done it. Conscience seemed to bring consciousness and strength. Conscience, because the brain interrupted seems to work by precept; and it was one of my mother's housewifely rules, which I had always followed, to empty your milk at once so that the cream does not stick to the can. None of these minute details is out of place . . . on the contrary, they are important in revealing how the broken consciousness joins itself together again. The whole of my experience of my first fit is as vivid and exact as this.

I got up from the floor noticing how the matting was wrinkled, though the light of the single-burner lamp was not bright except on the page where I had written my poem and on the low ceiling. I emptied the milk into the jug: and then, feeling suddenly sick, sat down on the stairs and retched. I was not sick, for it was hours since I had eaten anything; but then, fully roused, I was really frightened, for I can count my bilious attacks by decades and a half.

I Realized The Truth

I thought: I have eaten something that has disagreed with me, or I have been poisoned and fainted. Troubled at there being no help, I went outside the door for air. There were still curious numb patches in my thoughts, and a feeling that the soul didn't know whether it had returned to the right earth, or to an unknown one. As the air touched me I felt a cold dampness, and it came on me stunningly, terrifyingly, that my clothes were wet. My urine had escaped me, then. Horrifyingly, in one moment, I realized the incredible, impossible, ghastly truth—I had neither fainted nor been asleep: I had had an epileptic fit. A fit, to a healthy woman, on whose ability to live alone so much depended. A horrible, perhaps incurable illness lay before me. Moreover, I was alone and at any moment might have another.

Searching the room, I found everything confirmed my instantaneous certainty. The wet rug where I had lain, the lapse of time—no mere stutter in the consciousness this time, but a full hour and a quarter—the stunned mind, all showed it had been a fit, and a bad one. I saw now that my teacup had been upset all over the page, obliterating part of the poem; that stained page is before me now.

I recollected that I could not remember drinking the tea, but only filling the cup: The chair I'd been sitting in to write was overturned and lay on its side. The table, so small, so slight that it could hold no more than the manuscript, the lamp and the cup, was not even moved. I think the miracle of the escape of us two living creatures from death by burning touched me even then, though there was no spiritual force in me to react to it.

Going over the room, I told myself what had happened. I had fallen just as I was lifting the cup to drink, by the evidence. I had no memory of it. It had seemed as I have told—one moment filling the teapot and glancing at the clock, the next waking and still looking at the clock an hour and a quarter later.

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"I like it; it's horrible, but I like it"

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

Continued from page 16

peninsula in the very middle of the gravel pits. It was reached by a narrow uphill road between overgrown hedges. The road led only to the bungalow, ending on a plateau surrounded by miniature cliffs twenty feet high, the whole of the surrounding land having been eaten away by machinery in its hunger after gravel.

The company had driven their scoops and grabs as close up to its fences as they dared—the previous owner would not sell out to them—but had been obliged to leave a strip of waste land five or ten yards wide all round.

Belchambers stopped outside Gibb's gate. It was a fine evening, and the man himself was working in his garden. He came over as Belchambers fumbled with the catch.

"What're you after? There's no road through here." Gibb was a big, heavy man, perhaps a couple of years younger than Belchambers. He moved as if constantly expecting opposition, and he spoke in a deep voice which he forced slightly as if speaking against the wind. A black moustache hid the shape of his mouth, but it might be presumed to be thick and powerful like his nose and chin. A quick, brown eye added something subtle and dangerous to the impression of ponderous weight, raising him, as it were, from boatswain or non-commissioned officer to an in-between status of his own.

Belchambers assembled his forces with an effort; it was essential to be friendly, but without stepping down from his position. "I don't want to go through," he said. "I'm looking for Mr. Gibb. If that's you, I'm glad to meet you. My name's Belchambers."

Gibb nodded. "That's me all right. What d'you want?"

"First of all, Mr. Gibb, I want to tell you that we shan't be working round this part any longer. I don't know if you find the machines disturbing but in any case, we shan't trouble you any more. We're moving over towards the main road."

"Hope you'll do better there than you've done here."

"Oh, we've not done too badly, as a matter of fact."

"Well, if you're content, it's no concern of mine," Gibb answered. "But that wouldn't be *my* idea of the way to run a gravel pit. Not by a long chalk, it wouldn't."

"Now that's very interesting," declared Belchambers, bringing out his cigarette case and passing it across. "What d'you think we've been doing wrong? This sort of work's pretty new to me, and I don't pretend to have got the hang of it all yet."

The essential streak of simplicity in Belchambers glanced out, and Gibb, who had been preparing to refuse the cigarette, accepted it; it would have been too much like slapping a child's face to refuse.

"Look here," he said, "I can see you're making a damned mess of things down yonder"—and he nodded towards the desert of workings, half-covered with water, on which coots, moorhens and a few wild duck were floating peacefully—"but I don't see that I'm called upon to sort it out for you. I suppose you've *got* an engineer—though one wouldn't think so to look at it."

"Tell me," said Belchambers, "have you ever had experience of gravel working?"

"I'm an engineer," Gibb answered. "Mechanically, I know what's what. I've made roads in India, and a port in Africa. In the war I built airfields. I've never been in charge of a gravel works, but I can see how land runs when I look at it, and what's going to be underneath when I've torn the surface off. I know how soil behaves, where there's likely to be water, and what it'll do when you run into it. Just look at this set-up! They've laid the whole thing out so that all the water for a mile round is certain to drain in. Then they spend the Lord knows what pumping the stuff out again. Why, a kid wouldn't do that with a ruddy sand-castle."

"H'm," said Belchambers. "And have you had much experience of controlling staff?"

"Controlling staff? No. But I've had a good bit of experience in making lazy beggars work!"

Belchambers said: "D'you mind if I come inside, Mr. Gibb? I've a proposition which I think might interest you."

THE new arrangement had scarcely been in force a month, but already Belchambers was entirely changed. From despondency, his mood was now one of exuberant preoccupation. He was down at the office the minute it opened; the men on the workings had been on the job an hour already, and within five minutes Gibb was up, reporting progress.

In the office, Gibb always called Belchambers "sir." But he had found out that Belchambers held a commission in the first World War, and to the men he always referred to him as "the major."

"Cut along up to the end there and bring back a sample of gravel for the major," he'd order one of them. "I want you to see the sort of stuff we're getting out."

"Shift that truck out of the major's way!" he'd bellow.

"Mind out there, Robson. Can't you see the major's trying to get by?"

The men had always been Belchambers's greatest problem. He had no idea of how to handle them; craving popularity, he was always weak. They idled, stayed away from work on any pretext, spent the time chatting, smoking—and made up to him with smiles and polite "good mornings" when he came round. But now all that was changed; Gibb delighted in authority, and an aura of threatened violence

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hung always over his heavy shoulders.

"Up to the office with you, my lad, and get your cards," he'd shout in a voice that could be heard a hundred yards away. "No bloody slackers round here while I'm in charge. That's the second time I've caught you idling—and it's the last. Get out—d'you hear—before I come on down and pitch you out with these two hands."

Skilfully, at every turn, he interposed between Belchambers and the men, never allowing him the embarrassment of direct contact; building up "the major" as the supreme authority; deferring outwardly, but driving ceaselessly forward in his own ruthless and successful way. Yet the relationship, which looked at first glance one-sided—all strength on one side and all dependence on the other—was far from being so in reality. Gibb, delighting in the exercise of his own violence, could only employ it freely by permission, as it were, and in relation to some higher power. Working under Belchambers, he was at ease, knowing that final authority rested on other shoulders. This was precisely the kind of vague responsibility Belchambers could carry without the least concern; awkward and feeble in face of direct challenge, intimidated by brutality, which left his own well-mannered attitude powerless, he drew out of his background the confidence to handle implied threats and complicated situations.

Gibb had a profound dislike for office work—"the major handles all that side of things"—and an inability to cope with officials, hordes of whom were continually descending from the different Ministries, from the county council, from the local council, from societies for the protection of amenities, and from heaven knew where. Gibb had only one tone of voice—a shout; and only one manner—the bully's. He recognized no equals and was incapable of dealing with superiors.

Vagueness threw him at once into a panic—vague threats from a Ministry: "It appears to us that you have neglected to conform with paragraph 162 of the Ministry's Report of the Year 1938 governing the scheduling of areas for the purpose of subsoil extraction." Vague denunciations from the county council: "It has been suggested to us that an action might reasonably be expected to lie in connection with the proximity of your workings to the main Havenhoe-Riping road, which could under certain circumstances be regarded as liable to become dangerous." Vague letters from manufacturers, who wrote in answer to an urgent call for badly needed spares: "We regret to inform your goodselves that everything of this nature is now scheduled for export, and we are not in a position to supply your request in less than the now normal delay period of two to three years. . . ."

BELCHAMBERS knew exactly how to cope with all these situations; the difference was that in the old days he would simply not have bothered. Now, he was on the phone to the manufacturers in half an hour, arranging to take one of the partners out to lunch. To the Ministry of Town and Country Planning he replied briefly that in all his company was doing they were acting under direct orders from the Ministry of Supply, whom therefore they must be good enough to approach for the answers to their various problems. The letter from the county council he threw into the waste-paper basket twice and, when it finally arrived for the third time, posted it on to Wethered: "Since you are on the council yourself, I presume you know how to handle this matter." Apparently Wethered did, for no further copy arrived.

Between them, Belchambers and Gibb made up a formidable alliance, and Belchambers had for the first time in his life the feeling of completeness, of knowing where he stood, of functioning. And by their united efforts the affairs of the company began notably to prosper.

In October, when his six months' grace was up, Belchambers went off with grim satisfaction to meet Wethered and Carson. He did not take Gibb with him. There was no need. It was not the idea that Gibb could handle Carson on which he leaned with such assurance; it was the knowledge that he himself *plus* Gibb could handle him—or anyone else for that matter. Moreover, he was shrewd enough to see that, once the company's affairs were going well, Carson's and Wethered's own position towards himself was slightly but distinctly weakened by their previous uncouthness. He laid the company's growing prosperity in front of them, and accepted their congratulations without comment.

"That man, Gibb, now; he seems to be a bit of a find, eh?" suggested Carson.

"Mr. Gibb is an excellent engineer and a loyal servant of the company," said Belchambers.

"I must say I think you've handled the Ministries cleverly, Belchambers," remarked Wethered. "One or two of these letters could have turned out awkwardly."

"They would not have 'turned out awkwardly,' Mr. Wethered," said Belchambers—putting the lawyer sharply in his place with the word "Mr."—"they would have brought the company's business entirely to a standstill."

Both men looked slightly taken aback "Well, anyway," observed Carson, "we're delighted to see things going so much better. What d'you say—shall we have just a couple of whiskies before lunch?"

"Thanks very much," said Belchambers, "but I'd rather be getting back to the job," and he gathered up his papers and left the room.

Carson and Wethered looked at the door that had closed behind him. "You know," said Carson, at last, rather thoughtfully, "that's chap's beginning to get too big for his boots."

As he called to deliver his afternoon report, Gibb asked: "How did the meeting go, sir?"

"Splendidly, Gibb," Belchambers answered, "thanks to all you've done for the company . . . Gibb!" And he leaned closer across the desk so that the girls in the outer office should not hear: "I tell you what, Gibb: if we can only go on like this for another couple of years, I'll have those two passengers hopping mad. *Hopping*, Gibb. Literally hopping mad!"

"Very good, sir," said Gibb. "I'm sure I'll do all I can to help. And now I'd like to show you what we're getting out of the old west bank workings. They'd never touched the best part of that hill at all. The stuff's coming away just like butter."

All went smoothly at the gravel pits until one afternoon, during August of the next year, Gibb came into the office after the staff had gone.

"Major," he announced, "there's dirty work afoot!"

Belchambers jerked upright in his chair. "What d'you mean, Gibb? What's up?"

"It's the bosses. That Carson fellow

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Self first

WHAT an astonishing lot of people there are who think they have a *right* to do as they please and live solely for themselves! They just order their lives by what Carlyle called "pig-philosophy."

I know plenty—but the curious thing is that I have yet to meet one who is really happy. Self-service never seems to induce self-content. Selfishness, someone once said, is the only real atheism.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"What's a man supposed to do to get a bit of supper?"

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 22

eating, he crossed the living-room, came to the bedroom door—and stopped. Lenore was bending over the nearer of the two cots, and on it, lying crosswise in a row, were four small, motionless figures.

"One of them woke up," she said, "but he's asleep again now."

Approaching the cot, he saw that they were the four children who had been in the hospital: the up-valley girl with trachoma, a second, younger, girl whose left foot had been amputated, and two five-year-old boys crippled by rickets.

"It seemed so horrible for them over there," Lenore said. "And Anna and the student nurses were almost crazy with work."

"When did you bring them here?"

"Early last night. When they were carrying in the others."

Windom peered down at each child in turn. Then he took Lenore's arm and they went into the living-room.

"Good going, Lee," he said.

"Kosti helped me. It was nothing."

"No, it wasn't nothing." Windom put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her gently towards him. "Lee, stop it," he said. "You're not a doctor. You're not a nurse."

"No, I'm not a nurse. I can't do what Anna Vidal can do. What any little brown coolie girl can do. . . ."

He was holding her close to him and now at last she looked up into his face. "I came here to help you, Alec."

Her own face was pale and tired; her blue eyes almost dark in the grey dawn-light. Suddenly she bent her head against his shoulder. "I want to so much," she whispered. "So terribly much."

TWELVE days later, two men were talking in a government office in the capital. One, named Tanit Belhedron, was Vice-Commissioner for the Northern Provinces. The other was Schusterman.

More accurately, Schusterman was talking—at length and with emotion. The commissioner listened. He was a slight man with a smooth face, smooth lacquer-black hair and small flat-lidded eyes. His white linen suit was tailored and immaculate. In his lapel he wore a sprig of jacaranda blossom; on his left hand a ruby ring.

Now and then, as the other talked, he made a note on a pad that lay on his desk. At intervals he asked a question. "Believe me, Mr. Schusterman," he said, when his visitor paused, "I understand your vehemence and your concern. But you must be patient."

"But I have been here for a week."

"Exactly. For *only* a week. And it is less than two since the events of which you speak. In such a matter as this you must expect certain delays."

"My company," said Schusterman, "demands the protection to which it is entitled."

Belhedron nodded. "And it shall have it. My government, I assure you, is going to preserve law and order. And we are as aware as your company of the importance of its rubber production."

"By now the trees have probably been slashed, and the crop ruined."

"No, our reports indicate that that has not happened. And if it has . . ." —the commissioner shrugged—"what's done is done."

"Why have not the provincial police taken control?"

"The provincial police, if I may say so, could scarcely take control of a bazaar pickpocket. The one capable man up there was this Bilko—and now he is gone. The rest are worse than nothing. As likely as not, half of them up there have already joined the criminals."

Belhedron looked meditatively at his ruby ring, then rubbed it gently against his lapel.

"You are upset, Mr. Schusterman," he went on. "You are outraged and impatient, and that is understandable. But you must not let your impatience delude you into thinking that nothing is being done. It is precisely because so much is being done that it must take some little time."

"I am afraid I do not follow you.'

"This—shall we say—disturbance at your plantation was not, as you of course know, an isolated incident. There has been trouble at many other plantations throughout the northern rubber district. Not as drastic as at yours, perhaps—but of the same nature. And with the same cause. As you have seen, the situation has gone far beyond the point where it can be handled by the police. It has gone beyond the powers of my own department. It may interest you to know that it has been exhaustively discussed during the past week on the very highest levels of our government. It has even been the subject of discussion between our own

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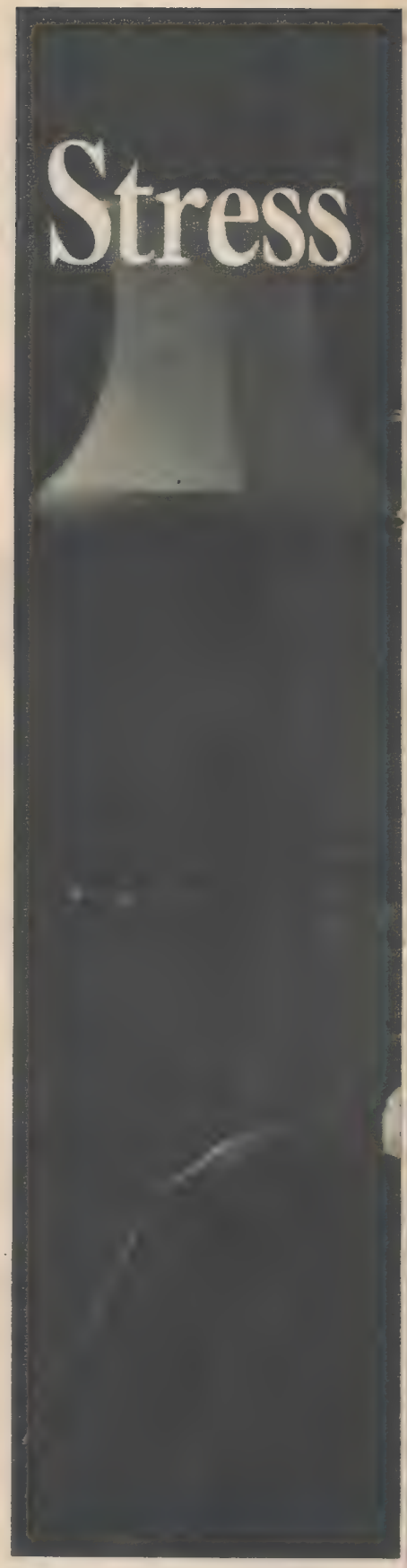

By V. H. MOTTRAM, M.A.

Late Professor of Physiology in the University of London; author of the widely read Pelican book, "The Physical Basis of Personality"; also "Human Nutrition," "Food and the Family," "Healthy Eating," and senior author of "Food and the Principles of Dietetics," etc.

HAVE you ever watched people supposed to be at rest—the man on the seat in the park, the woman in the bus or tube train? Or, again, asleep at night? Ten to one you will see that some at least of the muscles are taut; the fists are clenched, the jaw set, the eyes either staring or restless, the brow knitted in a frown. Rarely do you see tranquillity written on the face or figure.

The reason? It is the exaggerated tempo of the life we lead today—the hurry and bustle, the high speed of the traffic, the noise of cars, tube trains, telephones and wireless. We are assaulted all day long and much of the night by stimuli of sight and sound which we cannot avoid. No wonder our "nerves" go all to pieces and we crave for surcease. No wonder our nervous systems become over-excitable and irritable, so that we cannot rest. Our work suffers. Our pleasures lose their spice.

Much of the remedy for this can be found in true relaxation. But "relaxation" must be distinguished from distraction. One often speaks of going to the films, or the fun park, or a football match as "relaxation." So it may be if one "lets oneself go" and thoroughly enters into the spirit of the entertainment. It is largely a question of one's frame of mind. And that frame of mind may well be dictated by the night before, those dark hours when relaxation and tranquillity are most easily won.

The Night Restores Us

But how to obtain a restful, tranquil, serene night, which gives us the relaxation necessary to meet the next day's turmoil?

Clearly, sleep in itself is not enough. We may imagine that we sleep long and well, but we can still wake tired and restless. There are many different levels of sleep.

For one thing, we are never completely out of action by night. Some nerve centres are always ready to respond to some impressions whether from without or within. (I have seen an expression of intense anger pass over the face of a person sunk in sleep when his arm was moved by an observer.)

What Happens To The "Subconscious"?

Also, our subconscious never sleeps. Dreams come from our subconscious minds. Psychologists say that during the night our subconscious selves should actually sort out, resolve and put into proportion the problems that have been worrying us during the day. (There's a lot in the old tag "Sleep upon a problem.") Then we wake up calm and confident. The difficulty is to leave our subconscious free and unfettered to perform this function. Again, real relaxation may be the answer.

Now, few of us can claim to know much about *all* the ways of procuring deep, refreshing rest; but there are certain aids we can bring to bear.

External And Internal Influences

Comfort is important—sprung mattresses and adequate but light bedclothes. Next, external stimuli such as extraneous light or sounds are cut down to the minimum (though there are some who are lulled by a rhythmic sound, e.g., babies with a lullaby or adults to the sound of the waves or running water, and some who win sleep by repeating poetry). Finally, muscular relaxation can be practised. You can learn to "let go" muscles that keep your body taut.

Now for the internal influences. These are mainly the state of the blood, though, of course, stomach upsets can and do disturb rest. The proportion of the blood in the various parts of the body has its effect.

Proportion Of Blood In Your Brain

Lowering the amount of blood in the brain conduces to sleep. A warm drink, for instance, draws the blood to the stomach and skin. They blush, as it were. This lowers the amount of blood in the brain. Most nurses will tell you that this is as good as, or better than, a sedative, when for any reason you are unquiet.

IF WE COULD SEE OURSELVES ASLEEP . . .

(An illustration of V. H. Mottram's point . . . "there are different sorts of sleep")

Taut, tense

By night, as by day, our face can reflect our emotional state.

Have you watched people when they're asleep? Some of them smile. They look blissfully peaceful . . . their sleep is serenely happy. Some seem worried. Some seem tense.

And so they are. Tension grips them. Their brain is busy. They are asleep, but not relaxed and tranquil. Their sleep is superficial; it is not reaching down to the subconscious mind. . . .

To enjoy the "happy" sleep that brings benefits next day, there must be complete relaxation of mind and body. By promoting this tranquil state, and by helping to remove disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system, Horlicks also helps you to wake up restored and refreshed.

True relaxation, both by day and by night, says this well-known scientist, is essential to us nowadays. It is not merely a desirable end in itself; it affects our chances of extracting the most from work and leisure

RESTFULNESS... MANY OF US SEEK IT TODAY

An equally important factor, however, is the amount of the sugar in the blood. This is regulated within rather narrow limits. Normally it is there to one-tenth of one per cent—a small amount. But it should not fall much below this or rise much above it. After a meal it may rise to 0.15 per cent, but it promptly falls again to the average figure. During the night it falls and falls and is at its lowest ebb before breakfast. When the blood sugar is low a person is irritable, worried, anxious and excitable. Muscular movements are tremulous and uncontrollable. The person is unrelaxed.

Many people today seem to have too low a blood sugar. Their sugar regulation mechanism is geared too high. It works overtime. (Have we not all met the person who cannot wait for his meals; who is contentious, irascible and bad-tempered till he has got some food inside him?) Such people wake up "nervy" and depressed.

Oddly enough, taking extra sugar before going to sleep is not the best way of avoiding this sugar deficiency, though, indeed, it helps some people. Extra sugar by mouth may drive the sugar regulation mechanism still harder, and reduce the sugar in the blood to a still lower level. The best way of obviating this trouble is to take a food or drink containing protein and fat as well. A glance at the analysis of Horlicks shows that it fulfils these conditions.

From both points of view—withdrawal of excess of blood from the brain, and maintenance of the blood-sugar level during the night—a hot drink of Horlicks should procure a thoroughly restful night.

* *

TRUE relaxation, as Professor Mottram has described it, becomes more and more important to us as "modern" years go by.

Horlicks helps us to get the three essential pre-requisites for a tranquil night. It promotes the complete muscular relaxation we need. It assists in removing internal stimuli. And it soothes and calms us as we drink it last thing at night.

A cup of hot Horlicks assists us in *getting* to sleep. But its great benefit, as so many people have found, has been to give the true *relaxation and restfulness*, by night, that make such an immense difference next day.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

Continued from page 31

Gibb, under pledge of secrecy," Carson admitted, "which might under certain circumstances lead to a change of management. This is perfectly in order, and would come up naturally at our next directors' meeting."

"But if you were contemplating such a step, how is it we were not consulted?" Startup asked, in his rather pestilent, niggling way. "It also seems to me very curious treatment to have offered Mr. Belchambers. On what authority was this action taken, may I ask?"

"Of course, I fully realize. . . . Nothing has actually been decided. . . . There's still ample time. . . ." Carson hesitated between trying to answer Startup and to hear what Wethered was saying.

"May I have your permission, gentlemen," Belchambers broke in, addressing the whole room, "seeing the way it was proposed to treat me in your name, to make a short personal statement?"

A grunt of agreement answered him.

Belchambers cleared his throat. "The last thing I want," he went on, "is to cause any *unpleasantness* in a company to whose interests both Mr. Gibb and myself are devoted. We're only anxious to know just where we stand. Are our services required, or are they not? We're simple people, as I dare say many of you are, with no great financial resources at our backs. All we can offer is our ability and our good faith. The reason the matter has come up now is this. A short while ago a rival company—you will excuse my not mentioning its name—got in touch with me."

BELCHAMBERS drew a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, held it before his face, and then pocketed it again.

"They made me an offer for the joint services of Mr. Gibb and myself, far in advance of anything we receive at present. My immediate intention was to refuse this offer, because I have always been perfectly happy in your service, and our company is now making such astonishing progress. However, before doing so, I thought it only proper to mention it to Mr. Gibb, as he has a direct interest in the matter. You can imagine my astonishment when Mr. Gibb—after a great deal of hesitation—told me that he was actually in receipt of a written proposal from Mr. Carson to take over the managership of this company, after I, presumably, had been got rid of. I think I am correct in all I'm saying, Mr. Gibb?"

Gibb nodded, and Belchambers continued: "Mr. Gibb is not merely the loyal and able servant of your company—he is also a trusted colleague and close personal friend of mine. He has no more wish to be involved in any kind of jiggery-pokery or contemptible, underhand trickery against me than I would against him. I am speaking for him, therefore, as well as for myself, when I ask that our future should be

"How do you want it?"

cleared up. Quite frankly, gentlemen, if the treatment given us so far is a sample of what the staff of this company is to expect, we would prefer that our notice be accepted now."

Belchambers sat down. His speech had been shrewdly aimed. There was always some animosity in the company against Carson and Wethered, partly because they had matters their own way, partly because—apart from Mr. Startup—they were much the wealthiest people involved; there were few who did not silently relish their discomfort. But now, the working of Mr. Startup's jaw seemed to presage speech. Wethered, however, was already on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he declared, "it must be apparent to us all that there is some unfortunate misunderstanding between the company and its principal employees. It is, in my opinion, gravely out of order for Mr. Belchambers to have raised these matters in the way he has done. However, seeing they *have* been raised, it is clearly right and proper that any misgiving he or Mr. Gibb may feel should be set at rest. None of you, I think, can doubt that any action your directors may have taken, or had in mind, was conceived solely in your interests, and can readily be explained to the satisfaction of any fair-minded person. However, no good will be served by recrimination; I propose that we adjourn this annual general meeting for one hour, so that your directors can try and understand what is disturbing Mr. Belchambers. At the end of that time, I believe, it may be possible to continue the meeting in a more friendly spirit and with agreed proposals to lay before you."

When the shareholders had filed out, the seven men drew round the table.

"That was a damned unpleasant way of conducting business, Belchambers," said Carson viciously.

"It was a damned underhand piece of business you gave us to conduct," Belchambers replied. "However, I've always found that the public has a sense of fairness which individuals lack."

"Gentlemen," put in Wethered, "we've exactly one hour to straighten out our affairs: we can't afford to waste time in insults. Mr. Startup, I see what it is you're thinking—that you should have been consulted before any steps were taken. The fact is, we were obliged to act quickly on your behalf. It happened to come to my ears"—and he looked shrewdly at Belchambers—"that Mr. Belchambers *was* in negotiation with a rival company, and intended to leave us in the lurch. Under the circumstances we very naturally wished to make sure of Mr. Gibb, whose services to the company in the past have been considerable. There was no time to consult everyone—Mr. Carson, I know, did his utmost to get in touch with you, Mr. Startup, on the phone. I'm sorry if he did not get through. It was explained to Mr. Gibb, however—though the matter may have slipped his memory—that any offer made to him must be tentative, and would require to be confirmed by a full meeting of the board."

Belchambers and Gibb sat silent: all this, they knew, was so much sawdust.

The lawyer continued: "I think I am speaking for the board as a whole when I say that, if Mr. Belchambers is prepared to stay on with us, we shall be happy to continue to employ both himself and Mr. Gibb in their present situations."

"No doubt," Belchambers remarked dryly. "However, that's impossible. Gibb has a letter from Carson offering him my job. You say that it requires to be confirmed by a directors' meeting—actually it requires nothing of the kind. Carson has signed it, as chairman and managing director, and it holds."

"Really, Wethered," Startup put in, "I can't see that you're making matters any better. Some compromise has to be reached. What does Mr. Belchambers suggest?"

"Gibb's been offered my job, and he must have it. That is, if he's prepared to remain with the company at all."

"Then what about you?" demanded Carson.

"Seeing my job's being taken from me," Belchambers answered coolly, "another one must be found. You, Carson, of course, will remain chairman of the company; I, if the board approves, could be managing director under you. The two jobs ought to be divided in any case, now the company's beginning to grow. Gibb will be in charge of the actual pits, and I shall continue working with him. Gibb, naturally, will get my old salary: I believe you'd offered it to him already, so there's no extra expense involved there. I'll agree to take what I always got, plus my director's fees." He sat back, smiling calmly.

Carson jumped up and banged the table. "You'll do what?" he roared. "Over my dead body!"

Belchambers shook his head: "I was hoping Carson would say that. Both Gibb and I really prefer to go. As manager of this company I've been carrying an immense responsibility, with no compensating power, from the very beginning. Why, to take the question of the company's income tax alone, I've had to sign documents during these past years which . . ." and he looked at Wethered.

Wethered got up: "I really think Mr. Belchambers has hit on the happiest solution, Carson. I suggest that he and Mr. Gibb withdraw while we talk things over: it seems we can have a perfectly clear arrangement to put before our shareholders."

AS the two men sat in the ante-room to which they had retired, Gibb leaned over and laid his hand on Belchambers's knee. "My God, Major!" he said, "I could never have done that. Couldn't have come within a mile of it. Why, you even had an excuse for my having told you about their letter. . . . But what was the *other* offer you said had been made to us—where did it come from? Was that the firm you spoke about over at Ipswich?"

"It was a handsome enough offer, old boy," said Belchambers, moved to familiarity by his elation. "In fact it was as good an offer as we could wish for—I typed it out, myself, this morning, so I ought to know. I headed it COPY, of course, and left out the names—it wouldn't do to go producing original documents among fellows who aren't strictly honest. But splendid as the offer was, old man, we'll really do better to stay where we are." THE END

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 22

nonsense that we waste time like this," he said impatiently. "Mr. Mayor—Sergeant, you will be so good as to wait outside. With your permission, Doctor, I think perhaps we can settle this matter in a few minutes."

Lollivar and Bilko left the room—the former with obvious relief, the latter impassively. Then Schusterman sat down again.

"The mayor is a fool," he said. "The other is only a stupid policeman. We can speak better alone." He paused briefly, then leaned forward and fixed Windom with his small, sharp eyes. "You will tell me, please, what is on your mind, Doctor."

"What's on my mind is the way you're handling this strike."

"I see. And how would you recommend that I handle it?"

"Let the men meet and talk it over. Then hear their grievances."

"I already know their grievances."

"What have you done about them?"

Schusterman bit his lip. Then he said quietly: "May I point out to you, Doctor, that I am not the owner, but only the manager, of this plantation? The decisions and policies of its operation are not made here in Papaan, nor even in the capital of this country, but across the world in the great cities of the West. They are not, I assure you, made even by the nominal owners. They are made by governments, as part of their international policy."

SCHUSTERMAN shrugged, and went on: "The people here are peasants—coolies. They think about land, and they think about rice. But has it occurred to you what would happen if they had their own land and rice? They would be independent of the plantation. They would be able to set their own wages. Or not work at all. The importance of this country is its rubber, and rubber must come out of it. Nothing can be allowed to interfere with that and, as long as I am in charge here, nothing will. The coolies have been told many times that they cannot have their own land and rice crop, and I am not going to allow them to be stirred up again by agitators and Communists."

"What Communists?" asked Windom. "Amyan? Jan Vidal?"

"Yes, I know, they are—what is the phrase?—'agrarian reformers.'" Schusterman smiled thinly. "Two hundred miles to the north is Red China. In the hills between is the bandit Than-kar and his men, in the pay of the Reds. Do you think that word does not go back and forth between here and there? That they are not waiting for any opening, any sign of weakness?" The manager paused, and when he spoke again his voice was quieter. "You and I are the only white men in this valley, Doctor. Let us work together—as white men. If we have the leaders of this strike in custody, the others will be back at work in two days, and the trouble will be over. Otherwise——" He stood up. "But there can be no otherwise. Come, let us get this Jan Vidal and have an end to it."

Windom did not move.

"You will not do it?"

Windom rose, crossed to the window and stood looking out across the yellow dust of the compound. Then he turned back to Schusterman and said: "No, I won't do it. I can't do it."

The manager started to speak, but Windom went on quietly: "As you say, we're the only two white men in this valley. We should be able to agree, to work together. I know the importance of rubber in this country. I know the importance of the plantation. But I don't care how important they are: you can't run the show any more as if these were the old colonial days. You've got these people wrong, Schusterman. Amyan and Vidal and all the rest of them. They're not Reds or agitators or bandits or anything of the sort—I promise you that. But they're not dumb animals, either. Most of them have had some education. A few, like Amyan and Anna Vidal, have had a lot of education. They've been through a great war; they know something about the world they live in; and they're not going to let anyone set the clock back to the time when they were hopeless, illiterate coolies."

Windom paused and smiled slightly. "Now we've each made our little

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speech," he said, "what's to be done about this strike? I will not help end it by force."

"What do you suggest—prayer?"

"I suggest what I said before. A meeting, a conference, between you and the leaders."

"You expect me to sit down with these——"

"I expect you to be reasonable," said Windom. "And I shall expect them to be reasonable. If you want, I'll be glad to act as mediator."

Schusterman started to speak, stopped, and drew a slow breath. His lips were a thin, colourless line under the bold beak of his nose. "I am afraid you still do not understand the situation," he said, slowly and quietly. "The agitator Amyan is in jail. The agitator Vidal will soon be in jail. One does not *mediate*, Doctor, with criminals under arrest." Abruptly his manner changed. "In any case," he added, shrugging, "it is obvious we are getting nowhere." He turned and called:

"Bilko!"

The door opened and the policeman came in, followed hesitantly by Lollivar.

"You will order your men," said Schusterman, "to search the hospital for Jan Vidal."

Windom shook his head. "No," he said, "I am afraid that will not be possible."

Bilko looked from one to the other.

"I am sorry, Doctor," said the manager. "I do not wish to cause any more trouble than necessary. But the police have the right to——"

"The police have no right whatever to remove a patient from a hospital."

"A patient?"

"Exactly. If you'd care to ook at our records you'll see that Jan Vidal was admitted this morning."

"Admitted—for what?"

"*For observation*," said Windom.

There was a silence. Schusterman seemed about to speak, then stopped and bit his lip.

"Very well, Doctor," he said at last. "I don't know what you hope to gain by all this, but for the moment you win. I am not going to cause a disturbance in your hospital, nor am I going to stand around any longer arguing. In any case, we have the most important man already in custody. That, I think, may prove enough for the present, and later——"

"Later," said Windom, "I shall be glad to see you. Whenever you're ready to call a meeting."

SCHUSTERMAN turned and left the room, and Bilko followed him out. Lollivar started after them, then stopped in the doorway and looked back at Windom.

"My doctor, I know. . . ." He cleared his throat. "I mean, it is most difficult, you understand, and. . . ." He glanced nervously after the others. "And I will, of course, do everything in my power. . . ."

Then he, too, was gone.

Presently Anna Vidal looked in through the doorway.

"They have gone?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "They've gone."

Windom sat down at his desk, and after perhaps a minute, Jan Vidal came in.

"I cannot tell you, my doctor——" he began.

"Don't tell me anything," said Windom. "Sit down and listen to me."

He described briefly what had just taken place. Then he added: "I want you to promise me that you won't leave the hospital until Schusterman agrees to the meeting I've suggested."

"And if he does not agree?"

"I think he will. I think he'll have to. Anyhow, it's worth waiting a few days to see."

"But meanwhile Father Amyan——"

"I'm going to do everything I can for Amyan," said Windom. "There's nothing you could do right now, except get yourself into the same fix he's in."

"It is terrible that he should be there in jail, while I am hiding like a coward."

"Everyone knows you're no coward. But there's no need to be a fool, either. If you go rushing out of here now, one of two things will happen. Either they'll arrest you straight off, and that will be that; or you'll collect a mob and there'll be violence. You want the other side to be reasonable. All right, *you* must be reasonable. Stay out of sight for a while. Send out word to the others for them to stay in their homes. In a few days I'll talk to Schusterman again, and, unless I'm very wrong, he'll be ready to listen."

Windom paused. "Will you do as I ask?" he said.

The young man hesitated briefly. Then he answered. "Yes, my doctor, I will do as you ask."

HE rose, as if to go, but Windom gestured him back into his seat. "One other thing, Jan. . . ."

"Yes, my doctor?"

"This strike is purely a local thing, isn't it?"

"Local?"

"It was decided on by the people here in the valley? By you and Amyan?" Windom leaned forward a little. "You are not following orders from anyone outside? I mean from Than-kar and the Communists."

The young man stared at him. "My doctor, surely you do not believe that? You do not think——"

"We're not discussing what I think, Jan. I'm asking you a question. Has this strike—have you and Amyan—any connection with Than-kar?"

"No—of course not. You have been in Papaan for two years. You know how it has been—what sort of people we are——"

The rush of words was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Yes?" said Windom.

And the boy Kosti came in again.

"The mem-doctor," he said, "she asks I tell you that it is already——"

Windom stood up.

"Coming, Kosti."

Jan Vidal had risen, too, and was standing close beside him. "My doctor, please," he began again. "You must understand—you must believe me——"

"I believe you," said Windom. He put out his hand, and Jan took it.

• • •

Lenore had seen Windom returning from the airstrip, driving into the compound in his jeep. As she was about to open the screen door, the nurse whom she had met the day before came quickly across the compound and intercepted him. He went with her towards the hospital. Lenore was about to call out to him, then changed her mind and closed the door.

Again, as on the previous evening, she walked slowly through the rooms of the bungalow. For a while, she stood in front of the bookcase, then she took out a volume called *Manson's Tropical Diseases*. Nine o'clock became ten. Ten became eleven.

She was half-way through Manson on beri-beri when she realized there was someone at the door. Looking up, she saw a white uniform, a soft oval face, and shy, dark eyes.

"Oh. Come in," she said, smiling. "Miss. . . ." She hesitated. "It's Miss Vidal, isn't it?"

Anna smiled back at her. "I would be happy if you would call me Anna, my lady."

"Come in, Anna." Lenore had risen and held the door open. "Sit down, won't you? I've been wanting to thank you for the flowers in my room. They're lovely."

"It was nothing, my lady. I wanted only to. . . ." Anna was blushing. Her face was like a rose petal under the starched primness of her cap.

Lenore smiled again. "And you're lovely, too," she said. "You'll have to give me lessons in how to keep so fresh and cool."

The nurse's blush deepened. There was a moment's pause.

"The doctor isn't here," said Lenore. "I thought he was at the——"

"Yes, he is at the hospital."

"He must be busy this morning."

"There was an operation. It was a little difficult. And now there are . . ." —Anna hesitated—"some people he must see." She looked out across the empty compound, then back at Lenore. "I have come to ask if there are some ways in which I can help you, my lady."

"You can help me with the cook. She can't understand me."

They went into the kitchen, and, for the first time, there was an intelligible colloquy with Lahana the cook. "In a few days," said Anna, "you will know all the words that are needed for the meals and the house."

Then they went through the other rooms, and she made suggestions about clothes, cleaning, ventilation and insects.

Back on the porch Lenore offered Anna a drink and a cigarette. But the girl was still ill at ease. "I must get back to the hospital, my lady," she explained. "There is only the doctor and I, you see, and . . . ." She broke off, embarrassed. "I shall come tomorrow—yes. And if there is anything at all I can do. . . ." Before she had finished she was at the door and out.

LENORE said: "Alec, what is it? Tell me." He had sat through lunch almost without speaking, and now that it was over, he stood at the window, staring abstractedly out at the glare of the compound. "Was it a hard morning?" she asked.

"Hard?" Windom turned back to her. "Well, sort of, I suppose. There are a couple of dysenteries that I can't seem to get over the hump."

She rose and went up close to him. "Tell me, Alec," she said. "I saw that—what's his name—the plantation man was here this morning. It has something to do with him, doesn't it?"

"There's been some trouble at the plantation. A strike."

"Oh. How does that concern you?"

"It doesn't, really. Anyhow, don't worry about it. It's not important."

"Tell me about it, Alec. Please. It's not a question of worrying; just of knowing. Don't you see? I have to know what you're doing. It's the only way we can be close again."

She paused and put her hand on his arm. "Please, Alec," she said.

"Yes, you're right," he said.

And he told her what had happened during the past two days. She listened quietly and seriously, asking a question here, making a comment there. But when he had finished, she smiled and kissed his cheek.

"Poor Dr. Windom," she said. "The man who was going to get away from it all."

He smiled back. "At least their hormones are in good shape."

"And you like that fine."

"Yes, I like it fine."

They were silent a moment, and she stood watching him, and when she spoke again she was no longer smiling. "Then I'm going to like it, too," she said.

He went back to the hospital, and she read Manson on intestinal parasites. Or, more accurately, she read two pages on intestinal parasites, then dropped the book on her lap and closed her eyes. And when she opened them again he was standing over her.

"All right, let's go," he said.

"Go? Where?"

"On a mission."

She was confused and not yet fully

"Mum! I've found a new way in!"

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

awake. "A mission? You mean—it's something important?"

"Yes," he said. "Something important."

Leaving the bungalow, they got into the jeep, and Windom drove out of the compound and through the almost deserted streets of the village. At the end of the street they got out and, circling a warehouse, walked along the dock beyond. And then suddenly Lenore realized where they were going—he had told her about his bathing place—and as Windom helped her down into the skiff she pressed his hand tightly in her own.

He rowed, and she sat in the stern, facing him, and for a long time the only sound was the soft creak of oars. They moved out from the brown river water into the blue of the bay, and soon blue was all there was, blueness of sea, blueness of sky, with only the headland between them, pointing a dark green finger into the empty miles. The sun was still a good two hours from the horizon, but the fierce heat of midday had passed. Closing her eyes, Lenore felt the light lying warm and gentle on the lids. Then, opening them, she looked at her husband and smiled.

The headland moved closer. Soon it was directly above them, and on the other side of the skiff were the plunging purple shadows of the reef. This time, however, Windom did not stop at the reef, but rowed on around the headland, and on its far side were a small horseshoe cove and a curve of beach. Nosing the skiff in, he pulled it up on the sand. Then they lay in the soft sand, side by side.

"Alec. . . ." she said.

"Yes?"

"Thanks, Alec."

Her hand moved a little and found his and held it.

And now it was Windom who closed his eyes . . . and remembered.

THEIR best times had always been like this: on beaches. On the warm sand, in the cool water, under the sun. It was when they left the beach that the trouble started; when it was time for dinner, for the drinks, for the party—or for no party. When it was time for the office, the hospital, the lab, the night call.

When it was time for reality, he thought.

No. . . . Here—now—a nameless beach on a nameless headland on a jungle coast—these were real. The hand in his was real.

And then he opened his eyes, and she was no longer lying beside him, but sitting up, watching him, and as their eyes met, she bent her head and kissed him. But this time she did not laugh.

"This is the best beach of all," she said.

"It is now." He smiled. "For the first few months I was here I didn't know there was a beach within a hundred miles. Then one day I went out in the skiff with Kosti, and we came around the headland, and here it was."

"And you've come often since?"

"Now and then."

"With Kosti?"

"Sometimes with Kosti."

"And sometimes with. . . ."

"Sometimes alone."

There was a pause, and he could hear the soft lapping of water at their feet. Then she asked: "Has it been all right, Alec—alone?"

"I've been busy," he said. "I think I've been doing some good."

"You've become very close to these people, haven't you?"

"In a way, I suppose. Not in exactly the same way you can be close to your own people. But. . . ."

"But you care for them. Really, I mean. And they care for you. I've seen it already. And your nurse—what's her name—Anna."

"Anna's pretty wonderful. I hate to think what the hospital would be without her."

"She's very charming."

"Then there's her brother, Jan. You haven't met him yet. He's quite a person, too."

"He's the one who's in trouble—with the strike?"

"Yes."

"And you're helping him?"

"I'm trying to."

Lenore hesitated before speaking again. "Are you sure it's the wise thing, Alec?" she asked. "Mightn't it mean trouble for you, too?"

"What do you expect me to do?"

"You're a doctor—not a politician."

"I'm a doctor, yes. But I'm also a man living among other men. These people don't want trouble any more than I do. But what they want is fair and right, and they should have it."

Her hand touched his. "Do you know what I was thinking this morning?" she said. "That, if you'd let me, I'd like to work in the hospital."

"But——"

"Oh, I'm no nurse—I know that. But there are things I could do, aren't there? Helping with the records, maybe. Or feeding and bathing patients. And meanwhile I could be learning the rest. . . . Please, Alec. Please. . . . It can't be the way it was before. You living one life, me another. It has to be *we*—in everything. We together. . . ."

Windom was looking steadily at her. "I'm thinking of something I said last night," he said. "In the bungalow, before we went to bed. I said that your coming here was a pretty wonderful thing." There was a pause, and the eyes smiled. "I was right," he said.

Lenore looked at him for a moment and then with a quick, effortless movement she was on her feet. As she flung off her clothes to swim, she was like a carefree child. He smiled at her, enchanted. Her body, lithe and white, seemed to catch and hold the sunlight, as for a moment she stood motionless before him. Then, turning, she ran

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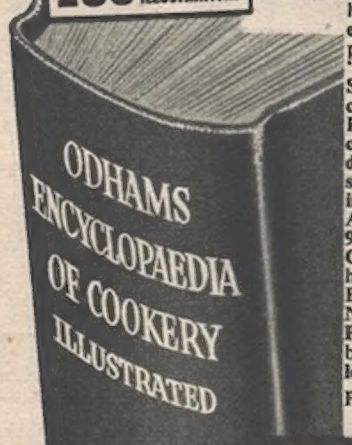

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"We are agreed, then, gentlemen—*all* with sugar"

lightly across the sand and into the water.

Windom, rising and undressing, followed her. Here in the sheltered bay there was no surf, and the sea closed in about him silk-soft and smooth.

They swam on, more slowly, side by side, their arms moving in rhythm, their bodies suspended without effort in the salt, silken bay. Around them was the glitter of sunlight, beneath them green depths of cool shadow, and he could feel the pure coolness on his flesh, in his eyes, in his blood, as the dust of the years, like the dust of the valley, drained out and away from him into the purity of the sea. And now they came to the reef, and he found the smooth, level place which he knew, and they pulled themselves up on to it and sat with their feet dangling in the water and their thighs and shoulders touching, and Lenore's hair shone like wet gold above her laughing eyes.

They swam leisurely back to the beach and came up out of the water hand in hand. The glare of the day was now altogether gone. The sand gleamed coral pink. And Lenore's body was pink, too—firm and fresh and glittering from the sea—and Windom pressed her hand and swung her gently towards him. He took her body in his arms. He felt it, firm and cool against his own. And then no longer firm but soft, no longer cool but warm, and her arms were around him, too, her face was raised, her eyes were shining. There was the softness of flesh, the softness of the sand, the faint lapping of the sea upon the sand. . . .

THE sun was almost down when they rose, dressed and pushed off in the skiff. And as they rowed back across the bay, the sky turned quickly from blue to sunset red and from red to sombre purple. The dock and warehouse glided up out of obscurity, and then Lenore pointed. Turning, Windom saw a small gesticulating figure on the dock.

"It's Kosti," he said.

The skiff drew closer and nudged the pilings, and as the boy scrambled down to them they saw that his eyes were wide with excitement.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, my doctor," he panted. "Father Amyan has been killed."

An hour earlier, the rumour had begun to spread. A shopkeeper whose place was next door to the jailhouse reported that he had heard a shot. The gate to the jail's outer compound, usually open, was shut and barred. When a policeman appeared outside and some villagers asked him what had happened, he had refused to answer, and when they persisted he had threatened them with his revolver.

At last the gate swung suddenly open, and behind it were four policemen with rifles. One of them, a corporal, ordered the crowd to disperse.

"We want to see Father Amyan," they insisted.

"The prisoner Amyan is dead," said the corporal. "He was shot while trying to escape." The gate swung shut.

Leaderless, the crowd melted away and the village lay quiet in the evening light. But through the quietness the news went swiftly from street to street, from house to house. It was carried by two plantation workers to a room in the hospital, and when presently they left again, Jan Vidal was with them.

"Where did he go?" Windom demanded of Anna, as she stood before him, tense and distraught, in his office.

"I do not know, my doctor."

"You didn't see him go?"

"No. I was in the North Ward, and the first I knew, one of the student nurses came and told me Jan had gone off with two men."

"Who were they? Did she know?"

Anna shook her head. "She did not see them close enough to tell."

GIVING her a few brief instructions, Windom crossed the compound to the bungalow. Lenore was waiting for him anxiously on the porch.

"Don't leave the hospital grounds," he told her. "When Kosti and Lahana leave, you can go to the main building and stay with Anna. But don't leave the grounds."

"But you——" she began.

"I may be gone a while."

And before she could speak again he was out of the door and clambering into the jeep.

Night had now fallen. But the village was still quiet, the streets almost deserted, as he drove the few hundred yards to the Vidals' house. Light showed in its windows, but when he knocked and entered, he found old Mamarta alone. She was standing at the table, and lying upon it was an enormous curve-bladed native sword, which she was cleaning and polishing.

"You remember it, hey, my doctor?" she asked. "It was my husband's, who used it for Japs. Before that it was his father's and his father's father's. Now it is Jan's, and he will use it better than any of them." She tried to hold up the blade, but it was so heavy she could scarcely lift it. "It is the only sword in Papaan big enough to go through the fat guts of Bilko." She cackled happily.

"Has Jan been here?" asked Windom.

"Yes, he has been here."

"Where has he gone?"

"About his business." Mamarta rubbed energetically at the sword with a shred of cloth. "There is much business to be done in Papaan tonight."

As he was about to go, a figure appeared in the door. It was another old woman, almost as small as Mamarta, and even more excited. "Quick, Mamarta. Quick, my doctor," she cried. "Come—look—you must see!"

They followed her out, and she pointed. There, beyond the village, was a red glow in the black, western sky.

"They have set fire to the plantation," said the second old woman.

"They are roasting that Schusterman like a cock on a spit," Mamarta added with enthusiasm. "Then they will come back for the sword and attend to Bilko."

To be continued next week

THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Continued from page 11

could be persuaded to accept the rôle. But now he felt . . . he felt . . . Lord knew what he felt!

With stumbling words, he offered a compliment. "You look . . . you look . . . that's a very pretty frock, ma'am."

Louise twirled in front of him. "Do you like it? I got it today. Judy Cornford and I have been shopping."

Tom stood stock still. That woman again—that menace.

It was almost with relief that he saw George Bagshott approaching the cottage. He came straight in, encircled Louise's trim little waist with a huge arm, and kissed her noisily.

"George!" Louise laughed. "Not now."

Tom groped blindly for support. *Not now. . . .*

The gamekeeper slapped him on the back. "Well, well. Don't take it so bemazed, man. We don't mind who knows now, do we, Louise? All fixed up it is, barring calling the banns, and all your doing, Tom Greenslade."

"M-my doing?" Tom gasped feebly.

"Who else? If you hadn't told me to talk to Judy Cornford, and she hadn't told me Louise could do with a couple of rabbits from time to time. . . . That's the way of it, Tom lad, that's the way."

Tom tottered from the cottage. The world seemed to be shattering about him, and in the midst of the debris he could see only the face of a plump woman with dimples.

He was still in a daze when, reaching his own garden gate, he bumped into Arthur Headlam.

The young man faced him squarely. "Mr. Greenslade," he said boldly, "I've just asked Ruth to marry me and she's said yes."

Tom shook his head and blinked. "You can't," he said. "Not on your wages. Anyway, you've nowhere to live."

Arthur Headlam smiled grimly. "A certain lady," he said, "happens to know the manager over at Ashley's who's retiring, and the lady happens to have mentioned my name—and I happen to have got the job. Also, there happens to be a house with it."

"Who . . . ?" Tom asked faintly—but he knew the answer already.

THAT evening was choir practice night. Tom went down to the church only because he knew that even if he stayed away fate would seek him out. The vestry, with the company of the big Parish Register which had begun it all, was as good a place as any.

He turned the pages blindly, hardly aware of the place, or himself, or the hand that presently fell on his shoulder.

"Tom," said the voice, that voice, "Tom, don't take it too badly. It all happened so naturally. I hadn't even thought about it until that day we talked about the Parish Register. Then you mentioned George Bagshott, and I thought of Louise Parfitt, and—well, that's how it started."

Judy removed her hat and coat and dabbed at a sentimental tear.

"Ruth and Arthur just seemed to follow on," she said, sighing, "especially with my cousin giving up his job at Ashley's—and I had to see Ruth settled before . . . I mean, two women in one kitchen—it doesn't work, Tom."

Tom gulped. He had no words. She sat down beside him and gently turned a page of the big Register. "It's been a long time, Tom," she murmured.

He nodded.

"You asked me once," she mused. "Do you remember, Tom? And I said no. I've been a long time changing my mind—twenty-three years. . . ."

Absently, Tom Greenslade's fingers strayed over the page of the Register. Three entries; that would be almost the whole page, in the fine big copperplate.

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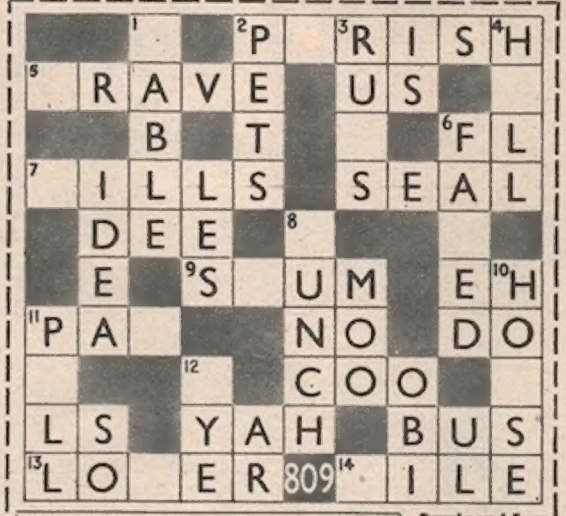
2. It was a blot on our national life that many an innocent babe was left to
5. Magistrates realize that the conduct of some juvenile delinquents is this
7. In the great majority of them there's money
9. Is a problem in every big city
11. Nicely placed one occasionally gives actor a leg up
13. A nation that is this of war may well get what it deserves
14. Things may now and then be smoothed over by such means

Down Clues

1. Can tell too depressing a story
3. Too many these may spoil a good game
4. Even if it proves costly business, it may well pay to take it
6. Now and again a case of robbery with violence has been this
8. Probably partly composed of fruit
10. People find a dark one is expensive
11. One's inclined to think of politician's this as secret
12. One can be too bright as well as too dull



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50 SURREY FOWLS —EACH WEIGHING 5/6 LB.

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

XMAS CAKES —as Bonuses. A rich fruit Cake, in Presentation Tin, accompanies each of the 70 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross [& Co.], write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 15), and in JOHN BULL dated November 22), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, November 8 for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,857 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Home To Mother
Policeman Sam
Money Isn't Everything, So
Humanity's Burden
For The Good Of Our Souls
Love, The Leveller
Charlie Chaplin
Inflation
Up At The Top
As It Happened
With Grit And Go
Deep Down
A Surprise Packet
Daring Young Man
Highly Coloured
Effie's Hero
When She Started
Going To The Dogs
Ransacked
Throb Of The Tomtoms

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

Watch Those.....And
Playing With.....
Glory That Was.....
The Referee's.....
If It Comes To.....
For All.....Worth

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,857, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MORE BIG XMAS OFFERS NEXT WEEK!

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,852

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration: W. Graham, 7 Ruberslaw Road, Burnfoot, Hawick:

Should Be Good
Radio-controlled Jet-propelled Supersonic Z-bomb!

£50: Mrs. M. Bell, 9 South Crescent, Thirsk: WE DREAM OF HOUSE AND—"OLIVE-BRANCH" TO SHADE IT.

£25: Mrs. B. Ashworth, 10 Fern Hill Avenue, Bacup: WE DREAM OF CUPID AND—OUR HUBBIES PLAY DARTS!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: E. Bromfield, 50 Wade Street, Burslem: PROUD OF HIS GARDEN—MAN? GUN-PIT—FOXHOLE—CRATER—. £9: R. J. Cowie, 83 Ashley Road, Aberdeen: STRANGE NEW WORLD—BEFORE EYES—ABOUT EARS? £8: A. T. Dance, 39 Torrington Street, Grimsby: TRYING TO BE SELF-SUFFICIENT—*And* SELL SUFFICIENT, TRYING! £7: D. Briggs, 34 Hunters Way, Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent: WEEK-END TREAT—PLAN FOR *Your* "PLANNER"! £6: G. H. Lewis, 20 Highcliffe Drive, High Storrs, Sheffield, 11: BRIGHTER—NEWS—ON *Advertisement* PAGES. £5: R. D. Gordon, 44 Moss-side Glasgow: IN A JOVIAL MOOD—STALIN—ONLY *Small* PURGE! £5: F. H. Grange, 33 Fenwick Road, Broxtowe, Nottingham: LORD TURNSTYLE—ENRAGED—*Duke* POACHED VISITORS!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

EXAMPLE ..... **6d.**

BULLET

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... } **EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.**

B.

EX. ..... } **EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.**

B.

Closing Postmark **1,857** Monday, Oct. 27.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

MORE XMAS DINNERS COMING—GET YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated November 8. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

670

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47 WESTWICK

Make it hot... make it hearty...

Men like puddings . . . and so do children ! No wonder, then, they cheer this damson beauty! It's hot and sweet and dark with fruit . . . and served with lavish helpings of Bird's creamy Custard.

As a sauce, as a dish on its own, as part of some delicious sweet . . . there's nothing quite like Bird's Custard. It's so smooth and golden, so rich with flavour!

And isn't it wonderful that a food your family likes so much costs so little!

You can buy Bird's Custard in 1-pint packets, in 6-pint packets (6 separate envelopes) or in this big, save-money tin.

DAMSON COCONUT PUDDING

8 oz. Flour	2 level teasps. Bird's Baking Powder
3 oz. Margarine	½-level teasp. Salt
2 oz. Dess. Coconut	Milk or water to mix
1 bot. or can Damsons	

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in the margarine, add the coconut, then add enough water to make a soft elastic dough. Roll out and use two-thirds of the dough to line a 2-pint well-greased pudding basin. Fill with damsons, adding 2 to 3 tablespoons sugar and a little of the juice.

Roll out the remainder of the dough to the size of the top of the basin, moisten the edges with milk or water and use to cover the pudding. Place greased paper over the pudding and steam 1½ hours. Turn out and serve hot with plenty of rich, creamy Bird's Custard.

ALWAYS BETTER WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD